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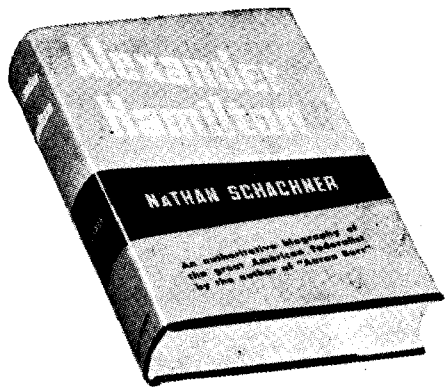

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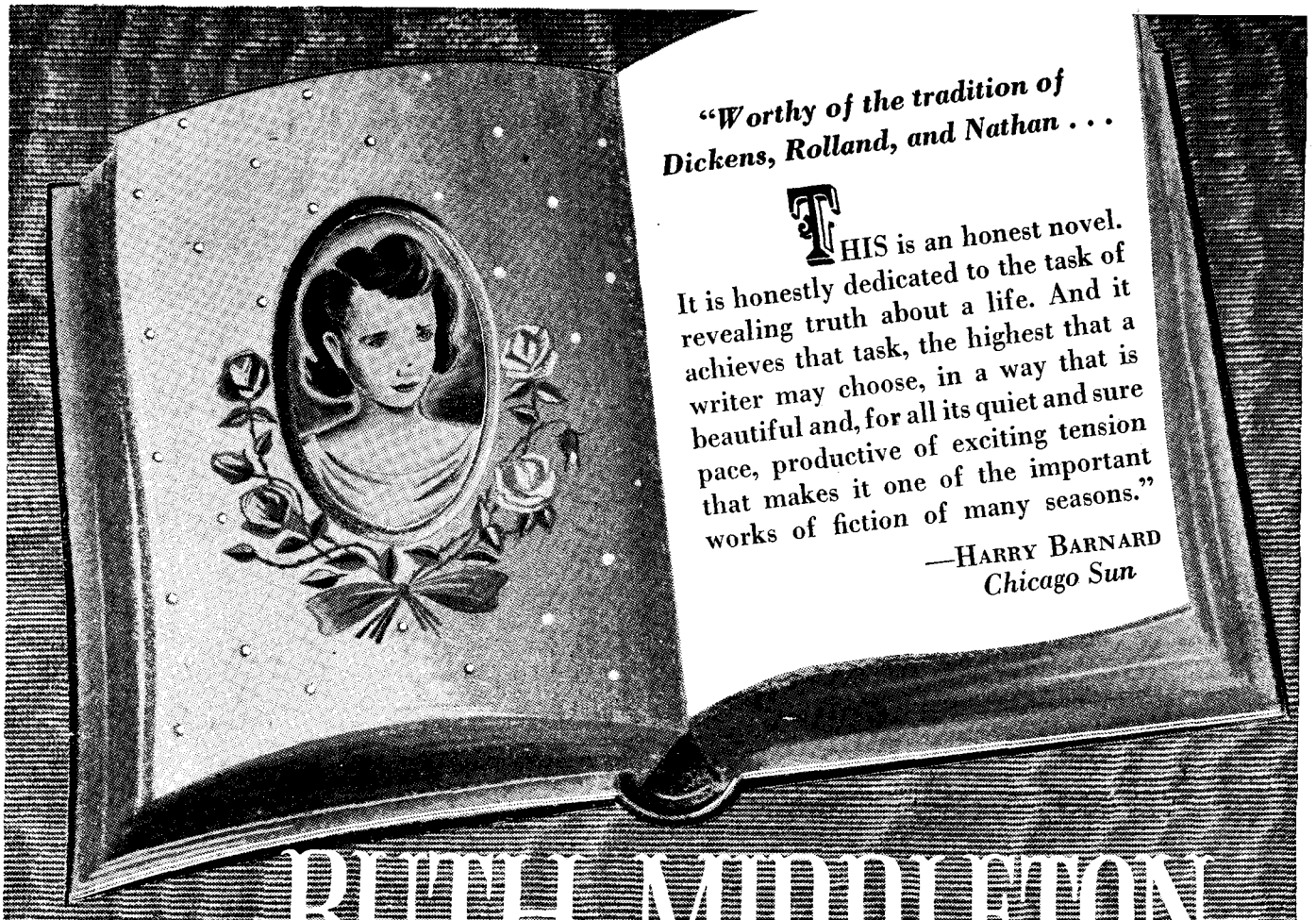

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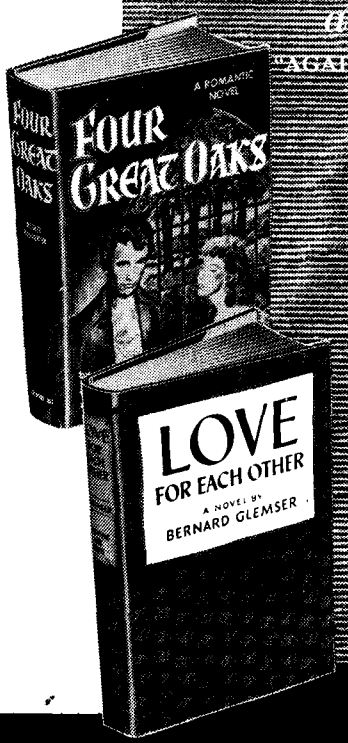

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For a worried generation

IN LIBERAL EDUCATION, Mark Van Doren writes: *"This is a worried generation, doubting the quality of its life and indulging in attacks upon itself for which history provides no parallel until we reach the Major Prophets."* In a period of self-doubt, we tend, quite properly Mr. Van Doren thinks, to re-evaluate the aims and methods of our educational institutions. Few nations have thought so much about public education. We keep our young people in school longer than any other country. So the problems of peacetime reconversion in our colleges are a matter not for the upper intellectual crust alone; they concern us all. And among those who are concerned about the future of higher education in the United States, LIBERAL EDUCATION has become a veritable handbook.

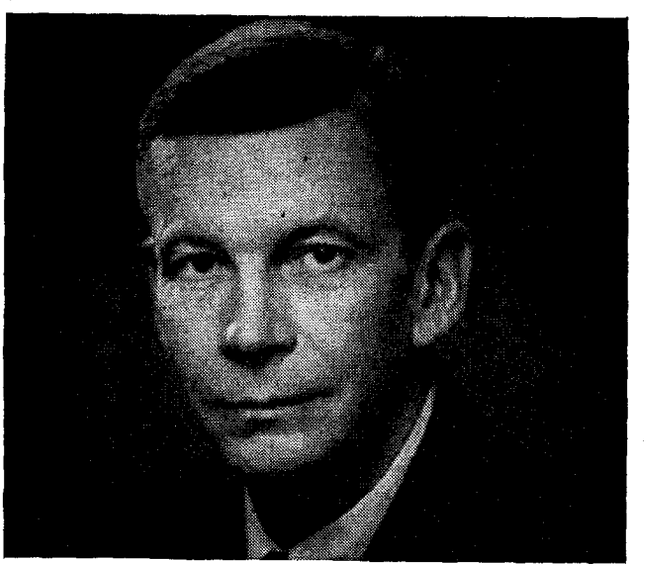
The war taught us a great deal about methods of teaching, but short-range training in the techniques of warfare failed to throw any light on the true function of long-range, peacetime education. Mark Van Doren's wise, trenchant, and provocative discussion counterbalances this.

Mr. Van Doren defines liberal education as the training of the mind for life, not for a mere living. The completely educated person has settled in his mind some sort of relationship between past, future, and present. He is neither burdened by tradition nor contemptuous of it; he is neither scared by novelty nor bored without it. His mental poise can survive disagreement, just as it can weather unanimity—a quality of mind almost essential to the proper functioning of democracy. Only the mind freed by education can exercise the judgment demanded by a democracy, and only the free mind can accept the restrictions of government with no sense of personal surrender.

Since the time of Jefferson and Franklin, our first great educators, we have tried to fuse the practical and the cultural; but in a period like the present, there is a tendency among scientists and technicians to belittle the humanities, and a correspondingly blind disparagement of the utilitarian among the advocates of cultural education. In LIBERAL EDUCATION Mr. Van Doren points out the fallacy of regarding either course as exclusively important. No curriculum is balanced unless it comprises both facts and ideas. Nor is it proper to consider setting aside the humanities for the intellectually élite. *"American education has been poor, not because it wanted to be universal but because it wanted to accomplish so little."* Students in our colleges have demanded too little, and educators have too readily accepted their underestimation of their own mental powers. Nevertheless, *"in spite of the tender-hearted educators of our time who want to protect youth from intellectual improvement, the parent who sends his son to college continues to expect that the alteration in him will be mental."*

It is just as impossible for educators to go back to prewar standards and curricula as it is for them to return to prewar methods. Mark Van Doren believes that a few colleges, pausing now to reorganize their curricula with the object of training minds to their fullest possible development, might change the future course of education. *"Good thought, like courage, is contagious, and will not stop short of the world's end."*

We predict that LIBERAL EDUCATION, this volume of good, compact thought, will continue to attract and kindle the best minds of this worried generation. Through these minds its influence will be felt by generations to come.



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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Press in the University

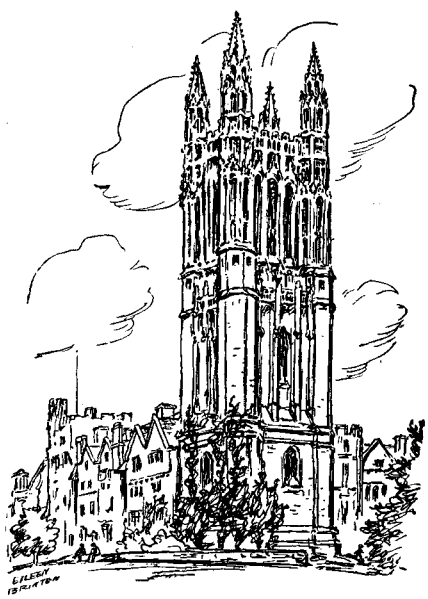
MALCOLM M. WILLEY

THE remarkable thing about university presses is not the development that has brought them to their present state of influence and prestige, but rather the fact that the development has been so slow and beset with so little appreciation, especially on university and college campuses, of the significant place the academic presses could and should have in the university scheme. A major fault with higher education, and an obstacle to the ready acceptance of the university press idea, is caught in the half humorous, half cynical observation of the faculty man who remarked, with a bow simultaneously to Coué and Earl Carroll, that "every college professor acts as though there were a sign over his classroom portal: 'Through this door pass young men and women who every day, in every way, are becoming more and more like me'." Being "like me" is, alas, being highly academic, with all the overtones of the Ph.D. degree. Scholarship, for scholarship's sake alone, all too frequently becomes the pedantic product of one scholar, produced solely for another.

This may seem a strange way to introduce a discussion of university presses, yet the fact remains that while the true function of universities is to advance knowledge, unless that knowledge eventually and somehow becomes part of the lives, not only of other scholars but of citizens generally, the university function is inadequately performed. There is accordingly an obligation, as Daniel Coit Gilman pointed out long ago, to diffuse knowledge "not merely among those who can attend the daily lecture, but far and wide."

It is in the diffusion of knowledge "far and wide" that the university presses have their important role to play. Admittedly there are many research publications of a highly technical nature for which only a limited and specialist audience exists. These are the scholar's books for scholars. By tradition and logic they do fall naturally to the university presses, but university press publication must not stop here. Unfortunately, however, they have set a pattern that either narrows the conception of the kind of manuscript a university press may properly issue or, worse yet, results in limited circulation for manuscripts which, differently conceived, could have been transformed into books of wide appeal, and without in any way destroying the inherent integrity of the basic material.

The evolution of university press publishing has become a pull between the pressure to issue the eruditely written monographic volume and the urge to issue books, embodying scholarship, for the widest possible audience. If the function of universities is to diffuse knowledge, then the unwillingness of authors to submit their materials to the kind of university press treatment that will insure the maximum in reader interest and circulation is to negate the fundamental purpose for which a university exists. Given half a chance, let it be said, university presses can lay low the ridiculous notion that scholarly publication must be dull, and that its importance varies inversely with the number of readers. There is, accordingly, an obligation on the part of every academic administrator who is interested in broadening the base of his university support as well as in contributing to the better understanding of the world in which we live, to use his influence in making university presses the agencies through which the products of the scholar can be so shaped and fashioned that the real significance of the published scholarship can be understood and appreciated by the largest possible number of intelligent and informed readers. A glance at the list of university presses shows unmistakably that the most successful of them, measured by influence and public support, are those which have been nurtured by this conception.



As devices for humanizing knowledge, for accelerating its dissemination "far and wide," and for vitalizing scholarship on and off the campus, university presses are rightly entitled to a prominent and potentially influential place in the academic scheme. Once generally accepted for what they are and what they could become, their influence, and that of the institutions which they represent and serve, will contribute immeasurably to the spread of knowledge among men, and thereupon willingness of men to accept and be guided by that knowledge.

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Unfinished Business for the Presses

1. Social Sciences

I KNOW of no business—except perhaps that of retail merchandising—which is more fiercely competitive than the publishing trade. This, on the face of it, should be regarded complacently, and yet it is not an unmixed blessing. For a good part of publishing has become more and more simply merchandising. Once patterns of popularity are set (often by costly promotional campaigns)—whether those of scatological "historical" novels or textbooks in the social sciences—no publisher seems to be happy unless he is in possession of a completely competitive list. All these novels of ladies who end up by being better than they should be or college texts in history, economics, and politics not only seem to be but usually are very much the same. Given the first successful one and you have them all. "I have something like it," apparently is the motto of a great many of our commercial houses.

I am not prepared to say what the reasons for this interesting state of affairs are. Undoubtedly, the economics of overhead costs have much to do with it. To a certain extent, the institutionalization of the larger houses is a factor. Our current tax policy—which doesn't encourage risk capital as much as it should—also plays a part. In any case, commercial houses seem to be concerned less and less with the long pull.

Here are opportunities for the university presses which should, in the end, not only pay handsome dividends but which should strengthen their positions in the fields of scholarship and taste. I suggest a series of projects for university presses which will endear them to the intelligent lay reading public and permit them—as university institutions—to continue as the guardians of American culture. Some of these projects require large amounts of capital. There is no reason why a holding company of the university presses might not be formed to finance some of these ideas collectively.

1. We need badly a whole series of new reference works, notably these three: a really good atlas; a new historical atlas; and a new many-volume encyclopedia. All those currently being sold in these fields are badly out of date. Most of them never were started in the United States and represent simply American additions—and afterthoughts—to English, Scottish, and German works. It is high time we had enough cultural independence and pride to produce significant American reference works.

2. We need to keep alive certain outstanding works of American scholarship, which, having been printed in small editions, are now unobtainable. Examples are: J. Allen Smith, "The Spirit of American Government"; Norman Ware, "The Industrial Worker"; F. H. Knight, "Risk, Uncertainty and Profit"; J. M. Clark, "Studies in the Economics of Overhead Costs."

3. Certain great works of European scholarship have never been translated in their entirety or at all. Why not make them available to the American public? I cite a few: Eduard Meyer, "Geschichte des Altertums"; Werner Sombart, "Der Moderne Kapitalismus"; Max Weber, "Gesammelte Aufsätze zur Religionssoziologie" and, also, his "Wirtschaft und Gesellschaft."

4. I should like to see whole series of books about special themes. Many of the books I have in mind have never been translated; most are out of print. Here are some of the series: "The History of Capitalism"—Weber, Hilferding, Brentano, Strieder, Sée, Pirenne, etc. "Business Cycle History and Theory"—Tugan-Baranovskii, Lescure, Juglar, Aftalion, etc. "The Muckrakers"—Steffens, Tarbell, Russell, etc. "Abolitionism and Slavery"—Calhoun, Helper, Channing, Cairnes, etc. "Money and Banking Controversy in the United States"—Sumner, Laughlin, Taussig, etc.

5. We have had regional books, river books, lake books about America. Why not a group of books which hit off the spirit of specific epochs in American history—all of these to be reprints of contemporary works? Take the period of the eighties and nineties: how better recapture those decades than by reissuing Howe's "Story of a Country Town," Bellamy's "Looking Backward," Donnelly's "Caesar's Column," Sumner's "What Social Classes Owe to Each Other"?

6. In this connection, somebody should reprint in cheap editions some of the earlier great American histories, *e.g.*, Bancroft, Hildreth, Adams. The English are always reprinting Macaulay and Green.

7. I should like to see every four or five years (after they have stood the test of time) collections of articles from the learned journals.

8. I should like to see some one take the subscription book business away from the people running it now. Some of the subscription books are still pretty good; but most of them are old, and the new materials being tacked on to bring them periodically up to date are simply scandalous. There is no reason why popular histories and reference books shouldn't be really good ones.

All this sounds as though I wanted to set the university presses at simply reprinting other people's books. That is not entirely the case. Keeping important books alive is a significant function; making good reference books is not only legitimate but it is a crying need; developing an interest in the American past is a proper cultural and educational task for university agencies.

The university presses should continue printing the kinds of things they are doing so very well these days: learned monographs, important works of scholarship, studies of current affairs. In addition, I should like to see them fill the aching void left by the commercial houses as they neglect more and more the reference field, subscription books, scholarship, and good and permanent reprints. It is about time we began to cultivate America more, and one of the ways of doing it is by relating our living past to our present interests and needs.

LOUIS M. HACKER.

2. Biological Sciences

THIS is a large order. I do not honestly know the answer. I should like to talk to the man who does. In my profession it is bad form to indulge in conjecture outside the decent privacy of the workshop. I do not enjoy breaking the rules of my guild, but here goes.

It is no disparagement of university presses to say that they exist because professors write what no one else wants to print. Some good men have done a great deal to modify that tradition, and more power to them. On the other hand, the tradition *can* stand on its merits. I am thinking of scores of learned monographs which, in the free language of the trade, "no one ever reads," and which are nevertheless woven into the very fabric of modern life and literature. More than one successful trade author has fattened himself on such supposedly indigestible pabulum.

Now the business of getting new truth is a high and delicate mission, and those enlisted in it deserve every help we can give them. Their quest involves the printing of notebooks for limited circulation, as well as the keeping of personal records and notes.

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Where these printed reports must be book-length, sound, solid, and scholarly, it is the business of the university presses to continue getting them out

For briefer reports from the field and laboratory, the proper medium of publication should be the professional journal. I quarrel with those university presses which encourage the publication of such material in the form of *separata* for sale, thus keeping them out of the regular periodical file and adding to the financial and clerical burden of the professional who needs them. If the university presses wish to help the cause of biological science here, they should do so by providing the author with reprints of his articles from the professional journals—from borrowed plates if necessary—for use in the essential business of making exchanges with his colleagues.

Much biology is regional in character. And here, I suspect, there is a reservoir that should be tapped. In the smaller colleges, satellites geographically to the universities which maintain presses, there is good scientific ability which is often dissipated. The staffs of these colleges are well trained. The divines, politicians, and administrators who preside over them are alert enough to the value of graduate degrees when they go ahiring. Frequently the men and women they hire become unproductive. Often they are underpaid and overworked, but they suffer more, I think, from lack of intelligent encouragement than from their other handicaps. A truly regional press ought to build them into its corps. It might try, at the very least.

This brings us to the matter of regionalism. Regionalism is more than crude geographic determinism. It is much more than provincial quaintness. Regions exist because of the ways in which human culture interacts with the natural environment. The boundaries of regions are flexible, expanding or contracting according to the particular problem in view, whether it be industry, subsistence, minerals, education, or politics. Within any region, human activity must be related to the general biological principle that life and environment are inseparable and interdependent parts of a whole.

I should like to see encouragement given to writers who can interpret this wholeness, both to their colleagues and the laity. Only when this concept becomes implicit in our thinking will we begin to see that we live in a universe of law, as binding and as majestic as any ever revealed to the poetic intuition of the prophets.

PAUL B. SEARS.

3. *Physical Sciences*

MOST research in the pure physical sciences has broad implications, whereas many studies in biology and the earth sciences necessarily are quite local in their applications and in the interest they arouse. This helps to account for the small number of articles on physical science appearing in published proceedings of state academies of science; it also explains why one important function of many university presses—encouragement of regional studies and literature—has comparatively little significance for some of the physical sciences.

Numerous applications of physical principles, as in the various branches of engineering or applied meteorology or geophysics, may of course have a strong regional slant. Moreover, an occasional monograph or treatise may be so highly specialized that only a limited edition is warranted. When such material is of real value, grants-in-aid usually can be obtained, so that publication is possible without financial loss. It seems appropriate that publications thus subsidized should be sponsored by a university rather than by a commercial press.

But the contributions of a university press that could be of greatest significance today are those connected with socio-economic and humanistic aspects of the physical sciences. The public is thoroughly aware that our culture in its material aspects has been profoundly affected by technologic advances and that we are continually facing problems of how best to utilize the results. Less generally or consciously understood, however, is the radically new character of many concepts that long have been emerging from the sciences, and the extent to which they are in serious conflict with traditional beliefs held precious by many people; yet we must face the expectation that it is by these new views that our culture will eventually be dominated. Still less generally appreciated is the extent to which tested methods and techniques of the sciences provide the individual with the means for attacking any question of fact and the probability that these procedures will eventually be utilized to solve many of the crucial problems of living.

There has been wide discussion of the more obvious social and technologic trends influencing our industrial and living conditions; yet we know that the present rapidly progressing shift in our culture is much more fundamental than this. It involves our patterns of thinking and of values, as these have been affected by changing conceptions of the scheme of nature and of the individual and his relations to society. The new pattern of thinking that is emerging from the physical sciences has scarcely touched large and important areas of knowledge. Now, the task before us is not only to inculcate these concepts that are to dominate our new culture, but actually first to formulate them; that is, to interpret their human and emotional significance. Until this is done, the scientific outlook will never become really *functional*—affecting the behavior of the great mass of people.

In the opportunity to help carry out this dual task the university press occupies an almost unique position. For this is a task, not for science alone, but also for creative literature and art. To paraphrase some words of Emerson: a Raphael must paint the wisdom of science; a Handel sing it; a Phidias carve it; a Shakespeare write it; a Wren build it; a Luther preach it. The physical scientist's function here is not that of a Dostoievsky or a Ruskin or even a Jules Verne. Rather, he should do for society what no one else can do: render physical knowledge so significant for his capable colleagues in the humanities, arts, and social fields that they will be able to complete the cultural interpretations. No agency is in a better position than is the university press to foster such coöperative effort among various creative workers and to help in devising effective ways to make the results available to the people.

Here, then, appears to be still another way in which the university press can continue leadership in new intellectual domains, a role that it has already recognized as essential if it is to be an integral part of the university community of scholarship.

DUANE ROLLER.

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4. *Belles Lettres*

UNIVERSITY presses are no doubt chronically worried about the policy they should adopt with respect to poetry and criticism. Should they publish literature as well as works about literature? Should they compete with the presses of the market place in the search that goes on for books which the world will not gladly let die?

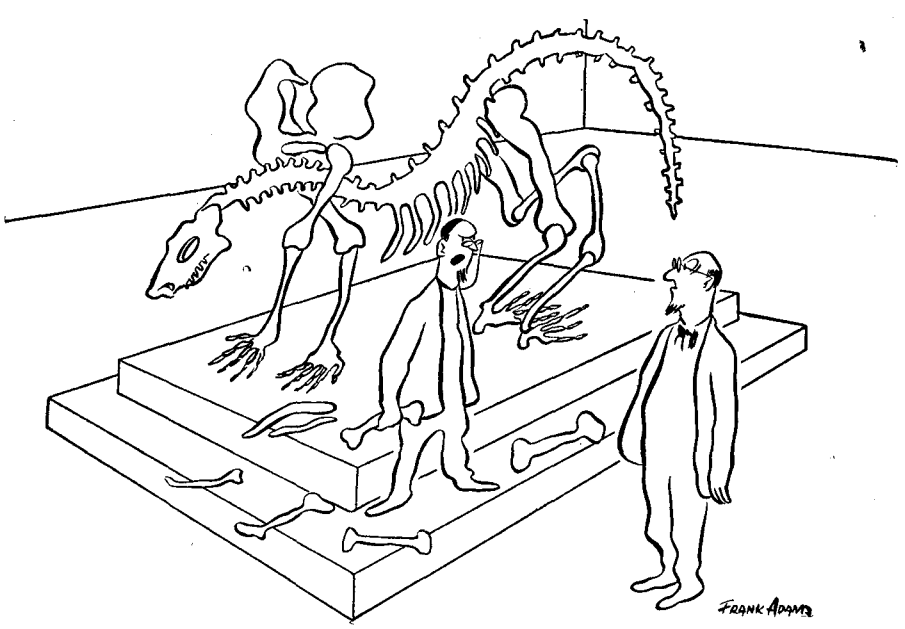
These are real questions, for the answers are hard to find. One possible answer is that presses had better remain academic and not compete with the publishers "downtown." But a university press that was proud of itself might not like to admit that the limits of the academic are limits which shut out the kind of knowledge there is in poetry at its best. Shakespeare is poetry, and Shakespeare is knowledge. The same can be said of Homer, Dante, and Tolstoy. Did those writers write belles lettres? Belles lettres is a rather silly term in such a context. If the director of a university press should decide to go in for beautiful letters, but should suppose that we mean by the words only little books, only pretty books, only minor books, then he would do better to forget the whole business and stick to his compilations and his special studies. There is always a place for them, whereas it can be doubted whether there should ever be a place for poetry from which nothing can be learned—that is, most poetry, and by most poetry should be understood most literature, since poetry is not only short but long, not only lyric but dramatic and narrative, and what we call fiction belongs to it too.

The last thing a university press should do is to decide that it will print poetry no other publisher would print—particularly if it sounds academic. Particularly, that is to say, if it wears its learning on the surface. Such poetry should not be printed by anybody, for it will never live. The learning in live poetry is buried very deep; as deep, for instance, as that of Shakespeare was, so that no university and no publisher in his time even suspected it was there.

The conclusion seems to be that if a university press is not really serious in its devotion to literature it had better not pretend to be, or satisfy itself with picking up the pieces. If it is serious indeed, then it will cease to be academic in the limited sense of that term and become indistinguishable from any other press. Any great press has a right to be called academic in the unlimited sense, for the interest of a great press is in literature from which men can learn.

Criticism is another matter—perhaps. Great criticism is not academic either, as most people now understand academic. But this is a matter that must wait upon the time when our education is better than it is today; when dissertations are expected to be wise as well as informed; when scholars and critics can speak a common language; when reviews are better because there are universities, and universities are better because there are reviews. The whole question has to do with the kind of intellectual society we have. University presses can never be better than their universities. That may be all there is to it.

MARK VAN DOREN.



"Ever have days when you can't seem to get organized?"

5. *The Humanities*

THE answer is, of course: just about everything. After a century of intensive historical scholarship, we can see even more clearly than Emerson did the import of his statement that "each age . . . must write its own books; or rather, each generation for the next succeeding." Especially when the bases of thought shift so markedly as they have done in our time, all the usable past has to be dismantled and put up again on the new foundations.

Lest this truism scare the wits out of some director of one of our university presses, let me add the comforting thought that we are lucky in our heritage. No one who reads this article needs to be reminded of the wealth of well-edited texts, letters, memoirs, and historical documents accumulated by the scholars of the last fifty years. In some fields much of this indispensable grubbing for primary sources has been accomplished—in English literature, for example, and to a lesser extent in American literature.

But what our generation will need in these two subjects is books of two kinds: works of analysis and criticism and literary history written within the perspective of total culture. The men who write these books will need a new kind of training. They cannot get it in seminars in which historical scholarship is the sole ideal. A man cannot learn to be a critic of Shakespeare or Yeats or an historian of literature as one aspect of civilization by parsing "Beowulf" or editing the juvenilia of James Russell Lowell.

In some provinces, notably those of the fine arts and of music, much of the spade-work still remains to be done. Although there is, as a result of the activity of the past generation, an accumulation of monographs on special aspects of the history of art, there are, in English, almost no works of large scope. Students must be sent to the research of European scholars if they would understand how all the implications of the Hellenistic period or of the age of the baroque are to be understood and dealt with. In musicology the situation is even worse. For the most part the books in English are either loaded down with technicalities or they approach the art of music as if it were the art of poetry. There are no adequate biographies of Haydn, Händel, Schubert, or the sons of Bach. There is next to nothing on the forms, such as the *lied* and the symphony. Possibly most shocking of all is the lack of any comprehensive work on the

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Beethoven quartets, which are, as one historian has said, the great watershed of music in the western world.

We shall not get more than a tithe of the scholarly books in the humanities required by our generation (and the next) for all the pother about scholarship which is kept up in American universities. The universities themselves will be to a considerable degree responsible for this shortage. Increasingly the energies of their older scholars are being drawn off to supply the administrative fuel which keeps the lumbering university machine in motion. There is little encouragement for younger scholars if they wish to plan books of a sort other than the kind which can be quickly produced to prove one's ability to survive in the jungle of academic competition. Nor do the educational foundations, notwithstanding their liberal subsidization of scholarship, take much of a chance with a young man whose plans are ambitious. Like the universities, they want a quick return on their investment. The university presses have a fair field here. Do we know of one which is ready to single out a promising humanistic scholar and stand behind him for ten years, if he needs the time, in order that he may complete a *magnum opus?*

WILLARD THORP.

Magazines That Come off the Presses

ROLLIN D. HEMENS

MOST readers of non-fiction have some acquaintance with American university presses as publishers of books and think of the presses as exclusively book publishers. Few persons think of them as magazine publishers, and fewer know that eighteen of the presses publish seventy-six magazines. Of this number twenty-two are issued by the University of Chicago Press. Duke holds second place with eight, Johns Hopkins is third with seven. A rough distribution of the magazines among the four disciplines places twenty-four in the humanities, thirty-two in the social sciences, seven in the physical sciences, and thirteen in the biological sciences. All of these figures relate to magazines bearing a university press imprint, which are published at regular intervals with at least four issues per year, and have a standard annual subscription price.

Many of the university press magazines are among the oldest published in this country. *The Botanical Gazette* was established in 1875 and *The Annals of Mathematics* (Princeton) in 1884. The University of Chicago took over *The Botanical Gazette* in 1892 and initiated publication of *The Journal of Political Economy* in the same year. Publication of seventeen magazines was undertaken by the presses before 1920, fourteen between 1920 and 1930, twenty between 1930 and 1940, and eleven since 1940. Many of them were magazines previously established, but most were ventures in new fields.

The reason that the magazine publishing activities of the university presses are so little known is that with a few exceptions, such as *The Yale Review* and *The Princeton Alumni Weekly,* the magazines are edited by scholars for scholars and research workers. Many of them—for example, *The Journal of Parapsychology* (Duke), *Mathematical Biophysics* (Chicago), and *The Philosophical Review* (Cornell)—are of value only to a few scholars working intensively in limited fields.

The number of subscribers for each magazine is small if one omits the alumni magazines. One publication has thirty-five hundred subscribers, two exceed three thousand. About one-third have fewer than one thousand subscribers, and the average is approximately fifteen hundred. Virtually every magazine has some foreign subscribers; the number varies from three to eight per cent of the total. There are two notable exceptions—*The Annals of Mathematics* has forty per cent, and *The Astrophysical Journal* (Chicago) sixty per cent foreign subscribers.

There is an additional fact of interest about each of these two journals. The single-copy sale of *The Annals of Mathematics* about equals the sale to subscribers. Generally the single copy sale is nominal and wholly incidental to the publishing problem. *The Astrophysical Journal* is for all practical purposes a cooperative activity of the great observatories of the United States: Mount Wilson, Yerkes, McDonald, Lick, and the Harvard College Observatory. Although financial responsibility finally rests with the University of Chicago, the subsidy is now shared in proportion to the amount of material published by each observatory, and editorial policies and the selection of articles are in the hands of a joint board of editors. This coöperation, which provides publication for other institutions as well, means that a single journal, rather than four or five, serves the field.

The small number of subscribers and the low subscription prices mean that most of the magazines are published at a loss. In many instances the loss is underwritten by the university whose press is the publisher, and in some cases the subsidy is furnished by a learned society. This is because of the fundamental contribution the magazines make to original scholarship and basic science. One journal that I know of is fortunate in having an endowment. The income from that endowment is adequate to cover publication of the magazine and also to permit occasional publication of supplements of important contributions of more than magazine length.

A consolidated profit and loss statement for all of the journals would undoubtedly show a sizable amount in red. However, as one of the principal means of communication among scholars, the magazines are an important link and often a first link in those chains which lead from an idea to a radio tube to a message to Mars in a matter of seconds, or from a new theory about the atom to the atomic bomb.

Spirit of Chapman

By Henry John Firley

EACH day was arbor day to him;
He loved the orchard old with trees.
He planted peach seeds in a row
Nearby the hive of bees.

Already trees were on his sight;
Ripe fruit hung heavy from the ring
Of shade, and fall was there in planting
When the sun was only spring.

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Does Anyone Want a Book On the Tlingit Indians?

PAUL G. HOFFMAN

"WHAT, in your opinion, does a university press do?"

This question was put to a number of individuals at random. Here are some of the answers:

"A university press prints research studies made by professors on the campus."

"It publishes instruction books—things of significance to an educational institution."

"Publishes university propaganda."

"I have no idea. My guess is that it deals with social and educational functions of local and, perhaps to some degree, national interest."

"Prints books which the university considers worth while but which for one reason or another have not been accepted for publication by a general publisher."

What do professors themselves feel a university press accomplishes?

Here are some opinions obtained by asking a number of them:

"It affords a means of expression for people engaged in research . . . to publish studies made by a university faculty."

"Publishes work of value and importance in some field of human knowledge, but one which, because of its theoretical nature, has no appeal for the public."

"Confines itself chiefly to work of academic interest."

"Publishes material which appeals primarily to scholars . . . with extension work which otherwise would never see the light of day."

Two things are at once apparent from this casual survey. In the first place, the average individual has only the vaguest conception of what a university press is or does. If anything, he feels that it is mainly a means for publishing literature of interest to the campus or, at best, for printing material the commercial publisher rejects because it has no general appeal.

Secondly, professors themselves feel that the university press is something which exists to meet their own particular needs. There is astonishing agreement on their part that the material published has little interest for the rank and file and that, because of the very nature of the research undertaken, this is as it should be.

I have no fault to find with scholars' efforts to give us help in understanding the best that has been thought and written in the past so that we may better prepare for the future. But I do feel, and strongly so, that the university press has a far greater obligation than to satisfy the publishing whims of scholars and professors; that it must exist for purposes other than to grind out dissertations and monographs compiled by authors largely for the sake of obtaining academic promotion or with the hope of receiving offers of better teaching positions. Much of our research is wasted on trivia and inconsequentialities, and too often essential issues are so obscured with voluminous commentaries and footnotes that their very substance is all but obliterated. The shrubbery grows higher than the trees.

An examination of university press catalogues would indicate that the average man is not far off in believing that a university press is reserved largely for the academic world. Look at some of the titles! "The Quaker in French Legend," "The Cipher of Roger Bacon," "Skaldic Verse from Old Norse Antiquity," "Arab Archery," "Human Skulls from Gazelle Peninsula," "Grammatical Notes on the Language of the Tlingit Indians," "Biology, Ecology, and Morphogenesis of a Pelagic Foraminifer." The list could be extended indefinitely.

I have no doubt that such works are of interest to a few, but how, by the furthest stretch of the imagination, are they going to be useful in helping us solve the sweeping and bewildering scientific, economic, and social problems which confront not only this nation but the world? How will this literature help us work out answers to the staggering problems of human life as it exists NOW?

Too much of the material coming from our university presses seems to me little more than professorial jargon and dull exercising in polysyllabic composition. Too much of it is directed purely to an inner circle of scholars bent upon wrangling with insignificant curiosities. Too much of it is addressed to specialists in this field or that. If ever the university press had a chance to make a really significant contribution to human welfare, that chance is now. But the circle reached by the university press must be vastly widened. More of the subject matter must deal with the realities of today. The literature must somehow reach the man in the street, the business man, the worker, the farmer, the millions of people whose welfare and happiness depend upon how we think and what we think and what we do.

Never has the need for vital information been so great. Problems of tremendous magnitude beset us on every hand. The very existence of society is threatened. New scientific discoveries are raising the cry, "Where are we going, what is the meaning of it all, where will it end?" Our people need help as never before. Who is in a better position to give that help than our universities, staffed as they are with brilliant research men and teachers? Who can better keep us informed than they of human achievement and interpret such achievement to us? If we cannot look to them for enlightenment, where are we to look?

There is general agreement that we face an authentic world crisis. Once again the future of mankind, as John Stuart Mill pointed out more than one hundred years ago, is imperilled by our apparent willingness to leave great questions to be fought out between ignorant change on the one hand and ignorant opposition to change on the other. The duty of giving our people the knowledge with which to battle these problems bravely and intelligently is certainly one which cannot, must not, be shirked by our educational institutions. In the dissemination of such knowledge, the university press faces a mighty challenge. It can do much, if it only will, to help us with the gigantic work of preparing our people to meet the grave problems facing us.

It is time, too, it seems to me, for us to get away from the notion that the writings distributed by college and university circles must be packaged in the language of pedantry and sheer word exhibitionism. Nothing irks me more than the attitude held so widely by scholars that the re-

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sults of research must be written in pedestrian, pedantic English. There appears to be a determined opposition to using language that is clear, picturesque, dramatic, and readable. I have heard it said that when scholars do resort to such language they are criticized for being "journalistic" and that they thereby lessen the value of what they write. What could be more absurd? Might we not assume, and with some justification, that the professional mumbo-jumbo of much of our scholarly writing actually betokens mental laziness? If we are to make a genuine effort to reach more of our people with the truths which research reveals, isn't it obvious that the language used must be such as to make these truths unmistakably clear? Call it "popular," "journalistic," or what you will, the fact remains that there can be no serious criticism of language that sparkles and vivifies at the same time that it informs.

In emphasizing my conviction that the university press must be more than a mouthpiece for experts communicating with experts, that it must become a dynamic means for communicating to large numbers of our people the truth as it becomes known, I cannot help recalling the warning of President Lowell at the tercentenary celebration of Harvard University some years ago. Scholarship, he declared, must never degenerate into pedantry, and an educational institution must conduce to human welfare if it is to fulfill its noblest mission.

Let us remember that a college degree is the beginning, not the end, of an education, and that the educating process must never stop at the campus borders. Let us recognize, too, that the influence of a university must extend not merely to its own students and alumni, but to humanity itself. In achieving this, the university press can—by reorienting its objectives, by doing away with the limitations which have confined its work to narrow areas and which have frequently distorted the deeper purposes of scholarship—make itself one of the most powerful forces for public enlightenment that we have. The university press must not let humanity down.

Pioneering with a Press

C. W. DITTUS

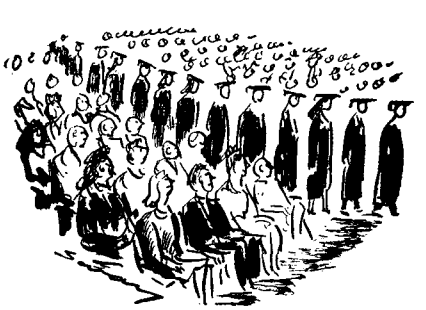
WHEN the writer entered the employ of the Johns Hopkins Press in 1894, this pioneer among American university presses had been in existence four years under its present name.

A few years after the university was founded, the imprint was first "Publication Agency of the University," which was changed in 1890 to "The Johns Hopkins Press." Nicholas Murray was publication agent and later manager of the press, and he continued in charge of publications until his retirement in 1908; the writer took over in 1909 as secretary and later on became manager.

An early reference to a university press in this country occurs in the fifth annual report (1880) of the Johns Hopkins University by President Daniel C. Gilman, who wrote: "Publication has been arranged, so far as possible through channels already established, but when necessary through agencies of our own. We have not instituted a university press, but we have made arrangements for the systematic printing of mathematical, chemical, biological and philological papers."

The Johns Hopkins University was the first institution in this country to concentrate on scholarly publications and to subsidize them. Thus were founded *The American Journal of Mathematics* (1878), *The American Chemical Journal* (1879), *The American Journal of Philology* (1880), *Studies from the Biological Laboratory* (1879), *Studies in Historical and Political Science* (1883), *Modern Language Notes* (1886), and *The Bulletin of the Johns Hopkins Hospital* (1889). These pioneer journals were in fact, as well as in name, American periodicals, designed not merely to provide a vehicle for the work of the Johns Hopkins faculty, but to be available also for contributions by specialists all over the country.

Publication of books began in 1880. The first was "On the Mechanical Equivalent of Heat," by Henry A. Rowland, which was followed by "New Testament Autographs," by J. Rendel Harris (1882); "Studies in Logic," edited by C. S. Pierce (1883), and "The Teaching of the Apostles," which was edited by J. Rendel Harris (1887).



It has been the policy of the press to adhere to the publication of scholarly works, which, in many instances, has limited the number of printed copies. The average edition is one thousand copies, but some editions have ranged from five hundred to two thousand copies. Two recent best sellers are "From the Stone Age to Christianity," by William Foxwell Albright, with published editions totalling three thousand and another printing of two thousand copies planned; and "Archaeology and the Religion of Israel," by the same author, with an initial printing of two thousand copies and two thousand additional planned.

The press did not assume publication of certain journals until several years after they were founded. For instance, *Modern Language Notes* was established privately in 1886 by Professor A. Marshall Elliott. It was printed in a shed located in the yard of the editor's residence, and the folding, sewing, wrapping, and distribution were done in his library. The business management, having become too large for private handling, was taken over in 1903, and upon the death of the founder (1910) the journal became the property of the university.

Printing plants in Baltimore are known for their scholarly and scientific work. There are few publishers that have in their vicinity the facilities for printing in modern and classical languages, mathematics, Arabic, Armenian, Chinese, Egyptian, Greek, Hebrew, Coptic, Syriac, music, and phonetics. Composition of this type is done for us by the successor of one of the first printers employed by the university, and it is gratifying to know that other university presses have also placed a part of their intricate printing with the same firm.

When the writer entered the employ of the Johns Hopkins Press, Oxford University and Cambridge University had the only other university presses so designated. It is remarkable, however, that in the past fifty years many renowned university presses have been established, and they now are playing an important part in promoting scholarly publications. Their books and journals are a substantial portion of the entire output of American publishers, and their influence in the publishing field has won recognition at home and abroad. A continued productive future is assured.

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Books Can Be Beautiful

SAMUEL T. FARQUHAR

TO write objectively on the influence of university presses on American bookmaking presents an impossible assignment even though most press books illustrate quite definable standards. I have consulted all sorts of people about the subject —book designers, printers, book collectors—and I have communed with myself in the small hours of the night, all to no purpose. I even analyzed the results of the "Fifty Books of the Year" competition to see if there were any relationship between the number of books chosen from university presses and those chosen from other classifications. The results were useless.

Of course the feeling generally is that university press books have influenced trade books, but there is no more validity to this assumption than there is in assuming that ten point Bodoni type is more readable than ten point Caslon.

In general there is little question that university press books are better made than trade books, but there are very definite reasons for this. We have more leisure to design and produce books; we do not have the deadline rushing towards us. Our problems are different from those of most trade book publishers, and much more difficult to solve. Much of the best printing from the presses has been in the production of scholarly works which require much ingenuity to present difficult text matter as clearly as possible. And it is only because we are trying to overcome every possible impediment to understanding that we give so much thought to book design in all its detail. Perhaps not consciously, but surely in practice, press books are more legible and more readable (and there is a distinction between these words) because press books must be accurate in presentation of difficult material from the physical as well as the literary point of view.

Our budgets for manufacturing are more restricted in one sense but more liberal in another. More often than not well designed press books are subsidized either directly or indirectly, and this permits the use of better materials and slower and more careful workmanship. University presses seldom expect their books to reach the mass market that the trade publisher must reach if he is to stay in business, and the total budget for manufacturing is therefore necessarily small. It is surprising to me not that press books are so well made but that trade publishers do not spend a cent or two more per copy to give the added distinction to their books which might increase their sales and cer-

tainly increase the reputation of the publisher.

Fine printing is another matter, if the term is defined as a certain preciousness and luxuriousness, and that is confined for the most part to the so-called private press books. It has a place there, but not in the making of university press or trade books.

Perhaps the press books are half way between the private presses and the trade publishers. Certainly on the average they are better made than the latter and far more functional than the former.

To me, at least, the press book should show the way to a higher functionalism as artistically and interestingly as is consistent with the primary purpose of presenting the more solid kind of text matter which is the purpose of the existence of university presses. Scholarship can be made interesting and in one small respect interest can be aroused and held by proper book design.

It is this lesson that the trade publishers should learn and have learned in the past twenty years, if I may make a categorical statement. It is to the university presses that the trade publishers should look for standards because the presses are working on limited budgets in a difficult field. To me at least it is the university presses rather than the private presses that have served and will continue to serve as an inspiration to the designer of trade books.

Virginia Woolf

By Howard Griffin

THE crab discards an extinct shell
Upon the beach; dead milkweed flies
Like silver chaff from its integument;
The snake rejects a segmented design,
A thin and shimmery phantom
Of itself, aglint, with the dim scent of Fall.
Headlong the moth flies from its sombre house;
Its hurriedness has somewhat of Escape.
The locust leaves its brittle hatch
Upon the bark, conjoined with mud;
Birds moult in a most delicate fashion;
Things fall upon their season;
Leaves drift; trees strip; all fine things pause
One day, look out, vacate the house,
And even leave the door a little wide.
Auras and pods, mucus and weathered skin
(Pastils with no further art to cure),
Survive like relics, speaking of repose.
The old hags took the parings and the locks,
Dry blood perhaps, or lifelong jewels,
Something a bit too close, to work their craft.
Here lies the Pattern: observe it well:
They found her cane upon the beach.
Well wrought it was; expensive in design
And solid. The head and tip of silver,
The point a bit embedded, silted over.
That was all; the wood was very old—
Ebony, I think—(or teak, perhaps)—
It lay there dark and shining, shining—
They came upon her cane—her signature,
Left in complete decision, neatly done,
Written (as kings did) in a single slash.

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Who Pays the Bills?

SAVOIE LOTTINVILLE

A UNIVERSITY press, someone has remarked, is a special type of internal combustion engine which, in spite of certain admitted improvements, has never been able to run without gas.

Those of us who are entrusted with such vehicles are sometimes envied by the hewers of wood and drawers of water in general publishing, because of the assumption that the finances for our operations are achieved by fixation, like nitrogen, from the generous academic air. It is, I can assure them, quite otherwise. The process more nearly resembles the ancient though no longer universally honored principle known as free enterprise.

In truth, there is hardly an educational institution in America, no matter how great its endowments, that could support a first-class publishing program without regard to sales income. Like any other publishing effort, the scholarly kind requires money in large quantities; and the only tried and true way of getting it is the customary one of providing a commodity or service for which people will pay. Subsidies there are, and occasional foundation grants-in-aid too, but these valuable helps form an inconsiderable part of the finances required for the successful operation of university presses.

A scholarly press needs anywhere from fifty thousand to several hundred thousand dollars a year, depending upon the size of its undertaking. Its obligations are precisely those which the long history of publishing has proved indispensable to success. It must pay adequate royalties, provide liberal amounts of advertising, maintain alert sales representation, and offer editorial services commensurate with the job at hand. The kinship of these with the working tools of general publishing is readily discernible.

Between institutional and general publishing, however, there is a major difference, aside from scope and intent. With a few exceptions, universities seem to have put the cartful of books ahead of the horse. Having determined upon a book program, the university hitches it to an initial appropriation of ten thousand dollars, hoping that, by a method unknown to the school of commerce or the mathematics department, the means will accomplish the desired ends. This is in contrast to the theory in general publishing that a hundred thousand will serve but a quarter of a million is better.

The results offer an interesting commentary on the calculus of probability. Twenty-five years ago there were perhaps a dozen American university presses issuing books regularly, whereas today there are thirty-five. Their combined annual lists run to approximately five hundred titles —the largest national output in the world.

Obviously, business of considerable magnitude is involved, both at home and abroad. In the whole realm of American enterprise, scarcely anything can offer more grist for the analyst than the large results that have been achieved from such small beginnings. The basic factor, however, is relatively simple.

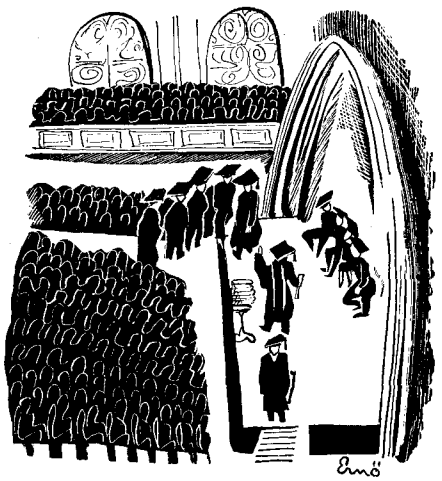
The phenomenal increase in this type of publishing is a reflection, not so much of the determination of centers of learning to make a scholarly splash, as of the demand by the general public for soundly written, informative, enduring books. It is even possible to arrive at a corollary from this: that whatever the current misgivings about American education, it remains that the people, bless them, know a good thing when they see it. At least, they are taking an ever-increasing number of books from Alma Mater.

Skeletons Came Too High

CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON AND FRANCIS WALKER GILMER, 1814-1826. Edited with an introduction by Richard Beale Davis. Columbia: University of South Carolina Press. 1946. 163 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by M. RAY ADAMS

FRANCIS WALKER GILMER, whose life Mr. Davis published in 1939, was a young Virginia lawyer, fifty years Jefferson's junior, to whom Jefferson entrusted in 1824 the responsibility of recruiting in Great Britain, particularly in the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh, members of the faculty of the infant University of Virginia. He brought from England to America five of the seven members of the distinguished original faculty, was himself offered the law professorship by Jefferson, but, eventually unable to take it on account of failing health, died at thirty-six on January 25, 1826, little more than four months before his chief. He was a man of reliable judgment in prudential matters and of wide intellectual interests in botany, geology, law, and political theory. He commanded not only the confidence but the affection of Jefferson, who in a letter to Benjamin Rush called him "the best educated subject we have raised since the Revolution." If not one of the begetters of the University of Virginia, he was certainly one of the most active men in helping Jefferson translate his educational conception into reality, supporting it by his pen and soliciting books and funds as well as teachers for the new institution.



Though this volume covers the years 1814 to 1826, the most valuable and interesting portion concerns Gilmer's mission to Great Britain. It is evident that in order to escape becoming the object of the well-known English condescension of those years, Jefferson had Gilmer address himself primarily to the more liberal minds among his friends. The venerable Dr. Samuel Parr, "the Whig Johnson," assisted him in drawing up a list of classical books for the university and furnished him "a very full catalogue of instrumental books." Major John Cartwright, one of the old wheelhorses of parliamentary reform in England, befriended him. Thomas Campbell, the poet, and Henry Brougham, parliamentary liberal and later great champion of the Reform Bill, were helpful. Martin Davy, master of Caius College, Cambridge, impressed him "with the profusion and delicacies of his civilities." The Oxford authorities in general, however, were too aristocratic in their outlook to envisage very sympathetically or intelligently Jefferson's tem-

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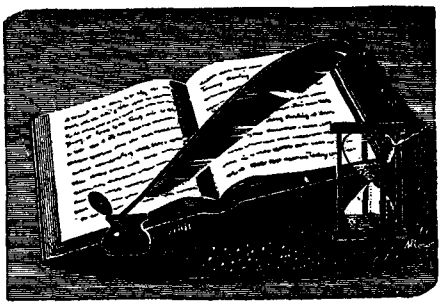
ple of learning in the American wilderness. Gilmer complains that "education at the universities . . . is almost exclusively confined to the nobility and opulent gentry, no one of whom could we expect to engage," and that "eminent men" to whom he is introduced "never take the right way or the right means to us—they talk of plate, furniture, etc. for the pavilions, while we want men for work." He was handicapped also by the immemorial uncertainty of legislative appropriations for education. He reports that he "found the price of a skeleton so enormous" in London that he "forebore to purchase one." Home after six months of absence, he and Jefferson worried for some time over the possibility of their professors being lost in a storm. They finally straggled into Charlottesville from various ports, Jefferson in the meanwhile busying himself with finding a hotel in which "the professors may diet until they fix themselves."

The other letters have a wide range of theme, considering their fewness. There is an elaborate exchange of opinions in which Jefferson contends, against Hobbes, that men were created with a sense of justice and that government in its original form was not patriarchal or monarchical but republican and Gilmer dissects the theory of natural rights with regard to social relations. Gilmer gives his opinions on DuPont de Nemours's scheme of national education. They discuss the Florida boundary question and law cases in which Jefferson was interested. Although both were graduates of William and Mary College, they show more contempt than sympathy for that "decayed corporation," then reduced to eleven students. As Gilmer's health grew worse and eventually hopeless, the correspondence passed into a diminuendo, his final letter of five sentences a month before his death showing the last flicker of his hope of taking Jefferson's appointment.

In his introduction Mr. Davis has taken this inheritor of unfilled renown from the unapparent and set him clearly within the educational and cultural milieu of his day, through which he moved not only with Jefferson but with Dr. Caspar Wistar, of Philadelphia; William Wirt, attorney-general of the United States under Monroe and John Quincy Adams; George Ticknor, Harvard scholar and pioneer in modern language studies in America; John Randolph of Roanoke; the Abbé Joseph Correa da Serra, Portuguese philosopher, scientist, and minister to Washington; and Thomas Cooper, illustrious émigré from Great Britain whose free-thinking in religion and politics so fluttered American conservatism.



But Mr. Davis's primary purpose apparently is to hitch Gilmer's wagon to Jefferson's star. In this he has succeeded well. For this volume is far more a book about Gilmer than one about Jefferson. Fifty of the seventy-one letters are Gilmer's, recently rediscovered in the library of the Missouri Historical Society, and they take up four times as much space as Jefferson's.

The editor's meticulous reproduction of all the writers' inconsistencies in form, while not disturbing to the scholar—indeed perhaps desirable—will distract the attention of, if not annoy, the general reader, who is not concerned with such close textual accuracy.

The work will be a modest but genuine contribution to the monumental "Papers of Thomas Jefferson" now being collected and edited at Princeton. It is a fascinating record of a portion of what Jefferson envisioned from his "portico facing the wilderness."

Gilmer's zeal and fidelity in his master's service will, thanks to Mr. Davis's good offices, plead eloquently against oblivion for his name.

Building Up the Back-Lists

DORIS FORCE FLOWERS

UNIVERSITY presses in this country have followed the tradition of Oxford University Press and Cambridge University Press in accepting both editorial responsibility for and the costs of scholarly publishing. Manuscripts selected because of merit and original contribution to research by their very nature insure a strong back list.

First there are the scholars' books for scholars—definitive editions, important scientific studies, historical reprints and documents, translations, and monographs reporting original investigation—works to be consulted for generations which will always have historical significance.

Two classifications have greater appeal to the general reading public. The reference group includes textbooks, dictionaries, and encyclopedias. Then there are important general books, informational and understandably written, which have a steady sale; university presses are increasingly recognizing their special opportunities in this field.

At no time has this kind of publishing appeared as important as it does today. Special studies, in science and language particularly, sold in large quantities during the war. The markets opening up in South America, on the continent, and in the Pacific area show unusual interest in back-list titles. The catalogues sponsored by the Association of American University Presses, one already distributed in South America and another in preparation for Europe, give a good description of the scientific and distinguished publications of the member presses.

Quite naturally, the best examples are on the lists of the older university presses, although the recently established ones are following the same principles in the selection of manuscripts, and all encourage and help the authors working in special fields.

Important in the first classification are the Yale Shakespeare, the monumental edition of Milton published by Columbia, and the "Dictionary of American English" (Chicago). Scientific reports are common to all university presses; representative are the series of publications in history and archeology issued by Johns Hopkins, the extensive Scientific Series of the University of California Press, the Cornell Studies in English, and Jordan's "The Classification of Fishes" (Stanford).

Among the many steady sellers are "The Columbia Encyclopedia," Yale's "Chronicles of America," the "Loeb Classical Library" (Harvard), and the New Plan Texts and "The Bible: An American Translation," published by the University of Chicago Press.

Illustrative of general books which continue in demand are Updike's "Printing Types" (Harvard); "Deserts on the March," by Paul Sears (Oklahoma), Jacques's "Canoe Country" and "Snowshoe Country" (Minnesota), and "Culture in the South," edited by Couch (North Carolina). Undoubtedly the Smyth report on "Atomic Energy" (Princeton) will join this list.

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The Jolly Old BBC in the War

BBC WAR REPORT: A Record of Dispatches Broadcast by the BBC's War Correspondents with the Allied Expeditionary Force, 6 June, 1944—5 May, 1945. New York: Oxford University Press. 1946. 452 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by MARK S. WATSON

THE battle of New Orleans (not Huey Long's, but the earlier one) was fought to its extraordinary conclusion when the War of 1812 of which it supposedly was a part was officially over, trans-ocean communications of the day being so slow that in America we did not know what our peace negotiators in Europe had already done weeks before. The telegraph and cable changed all that long before World War I, but by the time World War II reached its height the speed and mobility of wireless apparatus had effected still further and quite dazzling changes which make the New Orleans paradox seem very remote.

This time the day's newspaper page was able to record in type, and even in picture, battle events of that very day. Still more dumbfounding, the home radio instrument reproduced the voice of a radio reporter telling what he was seeing at that very instant, the sound of his voice half drowned by the boom of cannon and the roar of battlefield motors. Here was a most astonishing feat in technology, and what matter if there are a few sour old gentlemen who mutter that here, as in other fields of enterprise in this brave new world, transmission technology *does* seem to have outstripped the reportorial art which it was designed to serve?

And despite criticism which often was justified, radio battle-reporting, besides being amazingly swift, attained a commendable degree of accuracy in local observation. A factor in this no doubt was the circumstance that warriors who themselves had been in a fight often were listening a few hours later to the radio report of what they had done, and if the report was far awry, there was prompt and raucous criticism from undoubted authorities on that particular matter.

The troops on the Western Front (and indeed all persons in Europe and more distant continents) who could get radio reception at all heard chiefly the program of the British Broadcasting Corporation. The British troops listened to it by choice; the rest by choice or necessity, or both, for the BBC had fine sending-powers, its new programs were frequent, and there were offerings in all languages. Also BBC had an immense number of men in the field and welcomed in addition the reports of American radio reporters, with whom the BBC personnel exchanged field facilities to the advantage of both.

In particular there were stated hours of the day when there would be BBC news summaries, and to these the Americans had become accustomed during the Mediterranean campaigning when reception from our distant home stations was poor or impossible. Even at those times there was ease in picking up London's fixed programs, heralded now by the pealing of Big Ben, now by a military band playing "Hearts of Oak."

"War Report" is a selection of the field dispatches broadcast by BBC during the eleven fateful months of the advance from the Channel to the Baltic. The linking narration and the editing are the work of Desmond Hawkins, aided by Donald Boyd and by those Western Front familiars, Frank Gillard and Chester Wilmot, but the bulk of the book is distilled from the record of what, to millions of enthralled listeners, seemed to come whistling out of the surf and beaches of Normandy, from the airplanes above, and from the long battle trail which reached from the sea to the surrender.

The early days of invasion were foreseen as particularly important for Britons. In Mr. Hawkins's words:

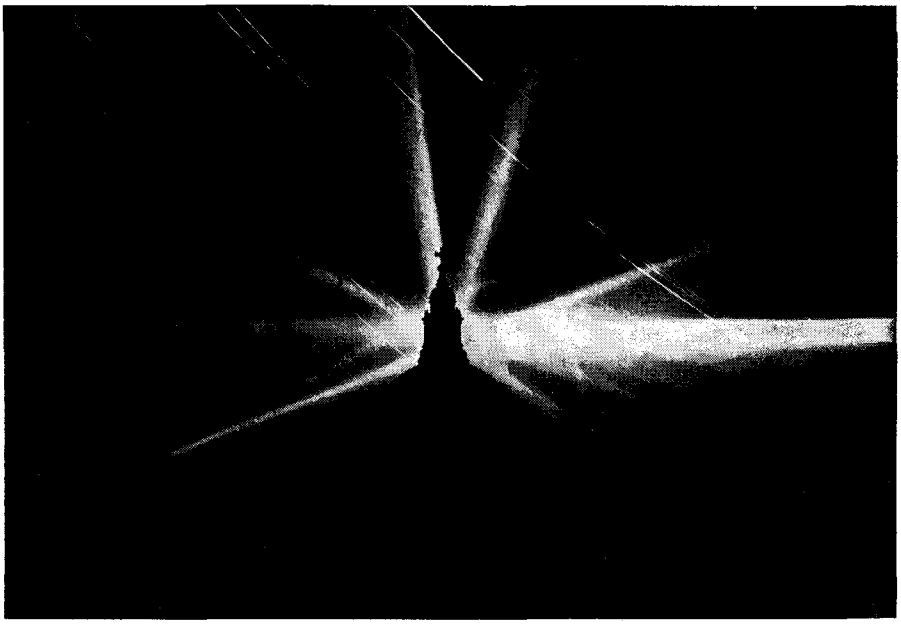
> A successful invasion of Western Europe would put beyond doubt that turning of the tide which had begun at Stalingrad and El Alamein. In a more intimate sense for the British people it would mark the recoil of war from their islands after the years of partial siege. The "Second Front" carried with it the most profound hopes and anxieties of the nation. The responsibility which it placed on the BBC's news service was correspondingly heavy. . . . For millions of people London was the voice of freedom, and often the only voice.

There is a recital of how the technical job was planned, and rehearsed, and re-planned, and finally carried out, so that awaiting D-Day the BBC had its correspondents severally at SHAEF, with the American Navy, on a British battleship, a frigate, a landing craft, a cargo ship, a minesweeper, in a bomber, in a fighter, in a glider, with the paratroopers, with the first American Army, with the Second British—a pretty thorough coverage, if one must use that nauseating cant. Some of the more vivid recitals of the stupendous day are here printed, to remind the reader of earthshaking events which then were rushing in on him, spellbound, from out of his own familiar home radio.

There are memorable passages in the long series of reports. One of the best tells of the Sunday service just inland from the beaches, with Monty himself reading the lesson while fighter planes roared overhead; with a thousand soldiers devotedly singing the hymns to the accompaniment of the wheezing little field-organ; with the faint sound of a Norman church bell summoning its own worshippers; with an unrehearsed chorus of chaffinches singing cheerily from an apple-tree behind the altar.

There are thrilling recitals of fights in the air, and Death stalking on the ground, and losses of ships at sea in the very course of their loss.

There are amusing episodes too,



"For millions of people London was the voice of freedom, and often the only voice."

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such as the tale of that day when Mr. Churchill was making a secret trip somewhere in France, and over the bounding air waves, for all the world to hear, came an unscheduled bit of chatter from one radio operator to another, "Winnie's coming today, about lunch time." It proved to be just somebody's innocent gossip about some mutual friend, a Captain Wynyard, also known as Winnie, who on that day made his one brief entry to history's stage, long enough to scare the entire BBC and Army Group Headquarters into fits, and then vanished.

Now, one must add that among the Americans who were with General Bradley in those days, there are some whose teeth to this day trouble them because of repeated gnashings in 1944-5. The truth is we thought the jolly old BBC, and the London press as well, were talking too exclusively about the British and not enough about the Americans. The further truth is that most of us got over that feeling ultimately, when we got a chance to see that the American public had been receiving news in exactly reverse proportions. The human race remains human, unfortunately.

With this task the BBC has done notably well. Designed for British reading, the book quotes generously and interestingly from recitals of the American troops' operations, and thereby sets a useful example greatly needed by certain American writers on the war in the West.

Germinators and Dictators

EUGENE DAVIDSON

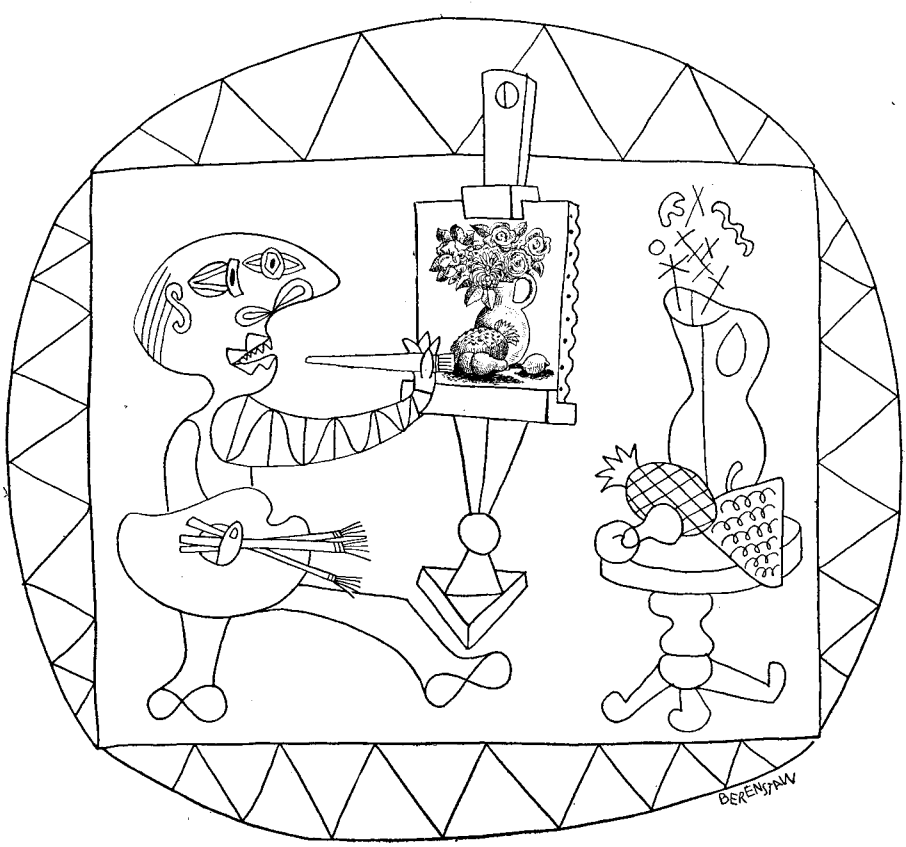
UNTIL recently the university presses in this country germinated no ideas at all. For the most part they were receptacles for the otherwise unpublishable writings of the professoriat and dealt largely with the backwash of even that product, since the more readable manuscripts usually went to commercial publishers where they were ministered to with professional skill. When the university presses did on occasion fall heir to a useful and important manuscript it had to have unique powers of self-preservation, because the local sales departments were likely to be accustomed to a system of distribution of a limited kind.

All this changed because it had to. These books, as anyone could see, played a very minor part in the intellectual movements and ideas that penetrated the minds of the literate public. The publications among them containing the living ideas in the humanities or sciences that are sometimes associated with a university were unlikely to grow to their full dimensions in the minds of the people for whom they were intended, since they seldom reached their destination. The others were largely passed by as a new time was shaped in science and history and literature unconnected with these "scholarly" publishing houses.

Here is one way things changed. In the press of the University of North Carolina, a number of books were commissioned and written about matters that touched everyone in the South—and in the country too. Odum's "Southern Regions," Raper's "Sharecroppers All," Logan's "What the Negro Wants," for example; books by and about Negroes, bringing the creative resources of the university to bear on this tortured, envenomed problem, resources of learning and intelligence and uncommon courage. No commercial publisher in the South would have been likely to have germinated these books, and if he had he could never have got the hearing for them that came with the rightful authority of a university speaking the facts out loud.

The trend is general and has been for some years. The guest editor of this very issue of *The Saturday Review* has been responsible for many good books produced by the presses of three universities. The regional books of the University of Minnesota Press, the American Foreign Policy series of Harvard, the guides to the strategy of war and peace of Princeton are a few samples of books that would never have been written but for the presses concerned.

There remains considerably more ground to cover. The techniques of learning have as big a job of evaluating man's distempers now as they ever had in all history. The universities have been responsible for generating most of these techniques as well as the people who administer them, and if ever there has been value in the hospitable, free inquiry of the books beholden to balance neither sheets nor party lines, this is the time for its demonstration.



Spinster

By Marie Gilchrist

NOW to youth's clarity I bring
The clearness of age.
And the turbulence, the blind reaching,
The dance on a stage
And no more than color brushed into
An outline as spare
And fine as if drawn with a thread
Of my own straight hair.

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An Atypical Cambridge Don

SPRINGS OF HELLAS, and Other Essays. By T. R. Glover. With a Memoir by S. C. Roberts. New York: Cambridge University Press. (The Macmillan Company). 1946. 200 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

THIS collection of the last writings of a distinguished Cambridge scholar now deceased represents the overflow of a mind brimfull of information and ideas, which was constantly splashing over in all directions, and which had a variety of interests uncommon among classical scholars (or any other kind of people, for that matter). To enjoy it you will have to know something of classical languages and literature and of ancient history; among people who have that knowledge, it will not appeal to the solemn pedants whom the Greeks called brass-boweled. There is appended a personal memoir by S. C. Roberts—best known perhaps as the biographer of Dr. Watson, but expert as well in the history of Dr. Johnson, and, in office hours, Secretary to the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press. As a publisher, he manfully admits that the Press (before his day) turned down Glover's book on Vergil, which thereupon sold enormously for another publisher; but twenty-two years later they got him back, in time to make considerable profit out of his later writings.

In this friendly reminiscence there is of course no occasion for the unswerving scientific scrutiny which Roberts turned on the life of Dr. Watson, but there emerges the picture of a lovable though peculiar man which is verified by the essays that follow it. Glover was far from the typical Cambridge don; he had been president of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland; he had spent some years as a professor in Ontario and often visited the Western hemisphere thereafter; he knew Canada well and loved it; he knew this country too, though apparently with much more temperate sentiments. In academic circles, says Roberts, he was inclined to be on the defensive, for he differed in three respects from the donnish tribe—he was not quite a public school man, he was not a churchman, and his books were readable. (Also, perhaps the gravamen of his offiense, they sold.)

He seems to have been a heretic in other respects as well. He shows little respect for *Quellenforschung*; he had to practise it, but what were a man's sources mattered less to Glover than what he did with them. Also he reacted against the modern emphasis on Greek worship of the chthonic deities; it was the Olympians, says Glover, that Homer wrote about; and thanks to him they lived on in literature, in art—yes, and in the unconscious substratum of the public mind—long after the dark old gods had been forgotten.

These perhaps were crotchets; but there is plenty of common sense too, notably in his comments on Polybius and Cicero. The chapter on Polybius at Rome repeats some of the content of the brilliant and illuminative study of that writer and his times which Glover contributed to the Cambridge "Ancient History"; but there are addenda that are worth reading. Polybius began by emphasizing the importance of Fortune in history; later he seems to have come to some sort of tentative belief in design. Why didn't he revise his earlier books and eliminate some of the references to Fortune? Glover suggests that it was perhaps because a "book" in those days (and there were forty of them in Polybius's history) was a roll of papyrus some thirty-five feet long; and a busy author never had time to go back through them all.

So with the completely delightful essay on "Cicero Among His Books," in which Glover snorts at the brass-boweled moderns who have taken literally everything Cicero happened to say to Atticus. They were old friends, they could understand half-finished sentences, and they both had a sense of humor. "Cicero had no notion of writing to Mommsen," though he might have enjoyed corresponding with Luther, who knew what Cicero was talking about. (No man could understand Cicero's letters, said Luther, who had not been engaged in government for twenty years.)

"Cicero Among His Books" might stand as a picture of Glover among his books, but a better one, perhaps, is his brief commentary on a remark of Quintilian's that certain authors are all right to read *si vacet*—if you have nothing better to do. Here, in eight pages, are quotations from or allusions to twenty-six authors, none of them dragged in by the scruff of the neck but all of them pertinent to what he is talking about—authors running all the way from Homer and Heraclitus to Robert W. Service. And it is clear that the last named is conspicuously not one whom Glover read only when he had nothing better to do.

Color Dream

By Dorothy Hobson

COLOR I dreamed last night, so rich and full,
so blazing a surprise
I cried out with the joy, the shock of all
the glory rushing toward my eyes,
and wept fulfilment, fainting:
Color I dreamed, the glowing tawny hues
of woodlands in the flame-and-amber fall,
auburns and ochres, yes, and plum-blue haze
flowing like garments of the muse
of painting;
and such a fiery floral gold
I dreamed as no cool vase
of waking sight could safely hold,
as the clairvoyant heart of sleep could find
but in the enchanted meadows of the mind.

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The Man Who Made a Couplet

OWEN MEREDITH. By Aurelia Brooks Harlan. New York: Columbia University Press. 1946. 292 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

OWEN MEREDITH was the pseudonym of Edward Robert Bulwer, son of Edward George Earle Bulwer, who added his mother's name of Lytton when she died in 1843. Mrs. Harlan notes that even now father and son, both authors, both politicians, are occasionally confused; she leaves no excuse for such confusion by the simple plan of calling the father Bulwer and the son Lytton throughout this admirable and carefully documented essay on Owen Meredith the man and the poet.

"Owen Meredith" is indeed a credit to American scholarship, ranking with the best work of its kind. It is true Mrs. Harlan has had special advantages. Lord Lytton and Lady Balfour, Owen Meredith's son and daughter, have given her assistance and access to the unpublished letters and documents at Knebworth. The point is, however, that she has used these advantages with a skill and sympathy that are not always commanded by the successful investigator into sources. Her book is lively, well-arranged; and she tries to give a picture not only of Robert Lytton the man and the poet, but also of the times in which he lived. There are, perhaps, a few faults in her recreation of the Victorian age. She antedates, I think, the victory of bourgeois propriety over the more raffish and glaring manners of the Regency. There is nothing very prim about Melbourne's Victoria; and the young Queen was in revolt from the harsh code forced on her childhood by her advisers who had to counterbalance the influence of a far from proper mother. "Victorianism" in the pejorative sense does not really come into existence until Victoria's marriage and is not in full possession of the Court until she was a widow. Nor did "Mayfair," that is the arrogant, socially secure families, Whig and Tory, ever entirely succumb to the Victorian influence. That influence was supreme only over the great middle-class.

It is difficult for anyone but a Briton to realize how the great families regarded the sovereigns who reigned in England after the death of Queen Anne. The Whigs regarded the Hanoverian monarchs as their creation, and the Tories, though they might keep clear of active Jacobitism, were still apt to think of the Stuarts as the only real royal family.

On the whole, however, Mrs. Harlan's account of the English and European background of Owen Meredith's life is as sound and established as her portrayal of the poet's life. That life, in spite of its successes, its diplomatic triumphs, is one that was happy only because Lytton's sweetness of character and gentleness of disposition finally overcame the hardships and agonies of frustration and misery. In childhood neglected by an overbearing, selfish father, in youth he had to submit to the same father's determination to dominate. He longed to be a poet. His father insisted he should have a career as a diplomatist.

When he wrote poetry "on the side" young Robert submitted it to his father's criticism, and to John Forster's. Their criticism was generally sound and helpful; for Lytton had a facility which he could never satisfactorily discipline: but it must have galled him to be treated, long after manhood, as if he were still in leading strings. Mrs. Harlan wisely makes no attempt to cover Lytton's diplomatic career; but she gives the reader enough information on it for the understanding of the clash between the poet and the statesman, and the strain on Lytton's temperament.

Mrs. Harlan's portrait of the young Robert, his miserable childhood, vexed by the violent quarrel between his parents, his sensitive boyhood, the miserable episode at Dr. Perry's at Bonn when he tried to kill himself, errs only, to my mind, by a too great leniency to Bulwer, whose exaggerated anger at his son's innocent escapades makes one sympathize with Robert's half-crazy mother, who had found Bulwer as hard to live with as he found her impossible.

When son and father were reconciled, young Robert went to Washington as unpaid attaché to his Uncle Sir Henry Bulwer (afterwards Lord Dalling), British Minister to the United States. From then—1850—to his death at the age of sixty-one in 1891, Robert Lytton's life was divided between diplomacy and poetry.

It is with Owen Meredith that Mrs. Harlan is concerned. "Today," she writes in her chapter on Lytton's best-known poem, "what second-hand bookstore in America has not its copies of 'Lucile,' gathering dust and grime?"; and there was, she tells, an edition published as recently as 1916. Every one knows the famous stanza from that poem in praise of dining:

> We may live without friends; we may live without books;
> But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

But I fancy it would be hard to find anyone today who had read "Lucile" through except a few stubborn students. The difficulty in reading "Owen Meredith" can be put in a sentence: the reader sooner or later is sure he is reading some other poet's uncollected and inferior verse—Browning's, Tennyson's, Byron's, Clough's. (Mrs. Harlan does not make quite enough of Clough's influence.) Lytton was extraordinarily susceptible to all his contemporaries. Even in the passages where he writes *vers de société*—that charming form in our poetic tradition which Pope perfected and of which Swift and Prior are masters—he is derivative—there are echoes of Praed and Monckton Milnes as well as of Clough; and unluckily his facility, while it has not the conversational ease of Clough's "Amours de Voyage," prevents him from attaining the exquisite felicity of the more precise school which reached its peak in Austin Dobson and Andrew Lang. Owen Meredith, as his dear friend Mrs. Browning hinted to him, had no sense at all about the proper adjustment of style and metre to subject and mood. His anapests in "Lucile," suitable enough for such lines as the dining ones, cannot carry his would-be exalted or passionate moments. He was as much an improviser as Moore, but had not Moore's delicate ear—his more successful lines demand declamation not singing. There is no ease in his verse, and too often he abandons the discipline of classic regularity without attaining the freedom which is the only excuse for such abandonment.

Mrs. Harlan does her best for the poet; and, for myself, when I next

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see a copy of "Lucile" I will buy it and try to read it. "King Poppy," of which she writes with great understanding, might also be worth an effort, if only because it displays the poet's amazed and amused indignation at the world of convention and protocol in which the diplomatist and viceroy had to live. Unlucky in so many things, Robert, Earl of Lytton, has been lucky in his biographer: no minor Victorian has a handsomer and more suitable monument. I wish Mrs. Harlan would follow this essay with a book on three of Lytton's middle-class contemporaries, Alexander Smith, Gerald Massey, and Sydney Dobell.

What Noses Are For

THE SUBTLE SENSE. By Ralph Bienfang. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 1946. 150 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THIRTY-SIX years ago the reviewer took a taxi in Chicago with a view to getting from one unpleasant railway station to another. It was a raw and detestable winter day and the gloom and noise of the huge town oppressed the soul. The taxi, crawling in a slow stream of traffic, was presently compelled to halt near the open gate of a big factory, whence, as sudden as a peal of bells, issued a veritable storm of sweet odors. All the Spice Islands and Araby the Blest were in those Sabean smells. And one smiled like Old Ocean in Milton's great passage. The unforgettable, aromatic blast from the spice factory took the curse off the grim, repulsive town. One may well wonder why so little has been written about a sense on which so great a part of pleasure depends and still more might.

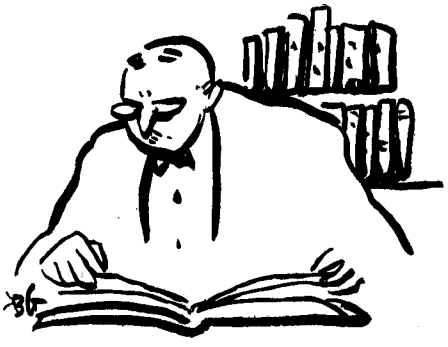
In his little treatise, which he correctly observes is an artless book, Mr. Bienfang has done some useful pioneering in practically unknown country and has summarized the reports of other lost adventurers. An expert on pharmaceutics, he was naturally led to speculate on odor and the sense that detects it, and though he occasionally rambles, a little he has speculated to some purpose.

Nothing is more intangible or elusive than the sense of smell, or harder to define. Few of us recognize the fact, which every elementary psychology handbook mentions, that what we call tasting is in large measure smelling, and that in reality, as Mr. Bienfang points out, there are only four bona fide tastes—sweet and sour and salt and bitter. Flavor, bouquet, tang, belong properly to the two "yellowish" olfactory surfaces, "each about the size of a postage stamp." Mr. Bienfang is very clear about the physiological aspects of the sense of smell, but he scared the reviewer to death just the same with his clefts and his conchae and posterior nares and choanal indices. And he became positively appalling when he got loose among the odorophores, the substances which produce odors. Imagination boggles at the chemistry of the huge family of the aromatics, and as for the others—! He draws dreadful deductions, too, from the works of English students of the chase who have investigated the problem of scent in the field. A lady's perfume will last longer if she is warmer than the surrounding atmosphere, and I gather that it is better to hunt her up wind.

Mr. Bienfang is interesting on too many facets of his complex subject for the reviewer to go into them all. The sense of smell even under modern conditions is still of concern to our safety as well as our pleasures, though few of us probably could detect the presence of dangerous snakes as Mosquito Indians can. Odors that warn are added to dangerous gases that do not themselves affect our olfactories. Odors that repel keep sharks away from sailors on rubber life rafts in tropical seas. The protection must be unpleasant, for the raft gives forth the effluvium of a shark far gone in decay. Almost every page of the book has something suggestive, bizarre, or apt to make you analyze what you have hitherto taken for granted.

Mr. Bienfang is perhaps least satisfactory in his chapter on odor in literature. He has overlooked such remarks as Kipling's veracious platitude:

> Smells are surer than sounds or sights
> To make your heartstrings crack.



Milton and Keats would have served his purpose well, not to mention Shakespeare. And anyone who, like Mr. Bienfang, ardently loves the odor of baking bread could have quoted appositely that poem of Rimbaud's which so poignantly hits off the emotions of half-frozen little ragamuffins outside a bakery. Instead he has collected a number of opinions, in general not so interesting as his own, from various contemporaries on the role of odor in literature. These statements are for the most part on the banal or obvious side. The best thing in the chapter is his heroic effort to describe accurately an incredible number of indescribable smells. He almost achieves the impossible. And the reviewer gives him points on form.

Mr. Bienfang's last chapter is called "The Future of Odor." And here he really goes to town. His own efforts, which he mentions with modesty as becoming as it is uncalled-for, are helping to provide an affirmative answer to a question which he quotes from Alexander Graham Bell: "Can you measure a smell?" A beginning has been made. And Mr. Bienfang's intelligent interest in the prenatal care of a brand-new aspect of chemistry ought to excite others. Odor should be of as much importance to us as it evidently was to our forebears, who we are told had an adjective to describe persons deficient in the sense of smell. Such persons were said to be "snoof." Oxford and Webster do not know the word, which seems to be a good one. Apparently old New England that cooked on the hearth, and looked with disfavor on a bird dog whose powers of scent were diminished, was familiar with the term. We have forgotten the word and perhaps deserve to have lost it.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 636)

*L. FEENEY:

A MATTER FOR CALCULUS

Once the astronomers . . . . . .
Ruled me a chart,

And roundly impressed me
Revealing how far
The unthinkable journey
From star unto star.

But I'm searching for instruments,
Hunting a plan,
That will measure the distance
From man unto man.

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* Among modern poets published by Macmillan.

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Homo Politicus Americanus

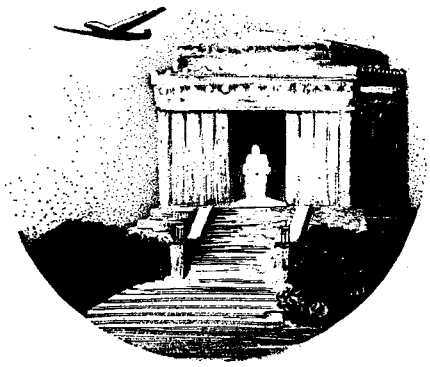
PUBLIC MEN IN AND OUT OF OFFICE. Edited by J. T. Salter. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1946. 487 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

J. T. SALTER, a Wisconsin political science professor who joined the wartime professorial migration to Washington, has undertaken in this book, with the help of twenty-eight newspapermen and professors and others, to give America the picture of its politicians, the forces that made them tick, and the problems in the contemporary relationship between the politicians and the people. He has done a remarkably good job. Sometimes the variety of the politicians portrayed and the uneven equipment of the portrayers make the picture one perilously close to that of the blind men who described the elephant. But as an honest, informed effort to report the natural history of the American politician the book deserves serious attention.

Dr. Salter, I am sure, contemplated no mere collection of biographies when he undertook to select the subjects of the twenty-seven profiles and the authors to write them. Obviously, his purpose was to pull together, between his introduction and his essay in interpretation, a body of American public men who would together cover the various functions of government and of power and such a variety of men as would indicate the rich diversity among the men chosen as the agents of our democracy. His purpose was a whole picture, but inescapably perhaps his book ends less as a unity than as a collection. His writers have run away with his book. Or maybe it is the politicians who have taken charge, as they are often inclined to do. At any rate the book is a group of profiles at the end of which Professor Salter's reiteration in modern terms of the necessity for vigilance in a democracy seems somehow a good deal less arresting than even the biography of Boss Hague. Dr. Salter's comments are shaped in understanding of both politicians and people. He gives proper emphasis, with the help of Dr. Einstein, to the greater difficulty in understanding politics than understanding physics. He has plans for keeping the people informed for intelligent voting. Indeed, his book itself is a part of that process. But it proves that politicians are more interesting than political science.

In general the subjects of the biographies are well chosen for both edification and entertainment. There is no really brilliant essay in the book, but Edward A. Harris, recent winner of the Pulitzer Prize for Washington reporting, has done an excellent if not scintillating article on President Truman. John R. Beal, Washington correspondent of *Time*, has contributed a sharp portrait of inadequacy accompanied by seniority in his story of Adolph J. Sabath, dean of the House. In general, I felt (perhaps as a prejudiced member of the craft) that the newspapermen among



the contributors provided better biographies than the college professors. But one of the best biographies in the book is that of Willkie by Wilfred E. Binkley, professor of political science at Ohio Northern University.

Dr. Salter's collection of subjects is sometimes a little puzzling. He has included an article on old Senator "Cotton Ed" Smith, who is dead, but none about Franklin Roosevelt. He has chosen for consideration in the executive branch of the government three diplomats, George S. Messersmith, Joseph C. Grew, and John G. Winant, but no administrator or Cabinet officer with the exception of Henry Wallace. The only Republicans included among the Congressional public men, to which the book devotes most attention, are Gerald Nye, Hamilton Fish, and Joseph H. Ball, none of whom represent the leaders of the opposition. Theodore G. Bilbo is treated as the Bilbo stereotype demagogue, but there is no essay devoted to the more important Southern reactionaries, who are often more effective as they rant less—such as Harry Byrd, who has made democracy in Virginia more boss-ridden than anything Hague ever hoped for in Jersey City.

Outside Washington, Dr. Salter's choices were simpler. Obvious interest for the future lies in such Republican governors as Stassen, Dewey, Bricker, and Warren. But Robert Kerr of Oklahoma seems scarcely adequate among Democratic governors, who include such men as Arnall of Georgia and Lausche of Ohio. Frank Hague seems a little shop-worn, however politically wicked he may be, as the only city politician considered.

Undoubtedly, however, Dr. Salter's professors and reporters have in the public men they have described brought together most of the facts about the politicians in the United States today. The stories of such diverse men as Senators Joseph C. O'Mahoney, J. William Fulbright, Tom Connally, Alben Barkley, and Claude Pepper, and Representatives Sam Rayburn, Robert L. Doughton, Sol Bloom, and Jerry Voorhis contain the items of the politician, good and evil, which add up to the story of The Politician.

He is, as others have discovered before Salter and his companions, quite a character. He deserves certainly the continuing attention Dr. Salter would provide by the compulsory publication of his voting record where the voters upon whom he depends are located. But Dr. Salter makes it very clear that his virtues and faults are closely related to the virtues and faults of the people themselves. There are a lot of them. Dr. Salter, in a dedication in which he lists more people than his authors, presents forty-seven Americans, male and female, each of whom "pulls his own weight in our free society." There is no suggestion that the number of such Americans is limited to forty-seven. But there are not many of the rest of us who do not need the materials for our vigilance provided in this book.

Gothic

By Dorothy Hobson

HIS was the steepled mind, devout and tall,
the lifted gaze, that never saw what wall
hemmed in his life, nor how the jeweled stain
coloring heavenly shapes on every pane
shut out the earthly, horizontal view;
his place, before the altar—never the pew
where knelt his brothers, shivering, apart,
sinful, bewildered: his was the Gothic heart.

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A Briton on Midamerica

MIDWEST AT NOON. By Graham Hutton. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1946. 251 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ERIC SEVAREID

GRAHAM HUTTON, who spent five years in the great American Midwest as director of the Office of British Information there, introduces his fascinating study of the region by saying that "if one English voice—and I mean English, not Welsh or Scotch or Irish—be raised in what may be taken as doubt or criticism about things American, the heavens are like to fall. That is not, as poor Mrs. Trollope wrongly said over a century ago, because Americans shiver in the chill wind of criticism; it is because they will accept criticism from everyone except the English."

As one whose experience in this matter dates back to Midwest Chautauqua days when the village ladies of cultural aspiration listened humbly to all the charming witticisms of English lecturers who twitted us about our "standardization" and "materialism," I am a little uneasy about Mr. Hutton's assertion, but on balance, I suppose, he must be right. I would like to offer, however, a slightly irrelevant assertion of my own: the shoe is now on the other foot. Today Englishmen (at least those in England) will accept criticism from everyone except Americans. London, I regret to say, has become as touchy as Chicago ever was.

But no Midwesterner is likely to be riled by this discussion of his native heath. Various scholarly Englishmen —Mr. Brogan, for example — have written of the American midlands with brilliance and honesty. None to my knowledge has written out of the genuine affection for the region and its people which Mr. Hutton so obviously betrays. He does not display Brogan's brilliance; he is more rambling and discursive and, at times, a bit fanciful, but the cumulative effect of his book is solider and more informative, even to a Midwesterner with unshakable basic ideas about his homeland which don't always coincide with Mr. Hutton's findings. As much as any outsider viewing with an objective eye possibly could, he has caught the spirit of the place. Indeed, his superb descriptions of the changing seasons, the mornings and the midnights, the majestic vastness of the snowfields and the glory of the Midwest autumns leave an expatriate Midwesterner such as this reviewer touched with nostalgia and faintly startled that an Englishman could make him feel so.

Mr. Hutton is at great pains to define the Midwest proper, and for various reasons finds that it includes Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri. He produces reasonable evidence for leaving out Nebraska, Kansas, and the Dakotas, which, of course, will scandalize everybody in those states who is accustomed to thinking of Ohio as a place in the distant East, somewhere around New York. He has, likewise, a good statistical case to prove that Midwestern weather is just about the most unbearable in the civilized world with the exception of that in interior Russia; but here, too, a Midwesterner who has shivered through the depressing "wet wool" atmosphere of London and Paris will be a bit astonished and will retreat to the consolation that there is, after all, no accounting for tastes, certainly for the tastes of "damnbritishers"—which, Mr. Hutton asserts, remains a single word in the vocabulary of many Midwest descendants of the "damnyankees."

Mr. Hutton includes an excellent brief study of the development of the Midwest. He traces the growth of the rural areas and the industrial cities, to explain how and why they have reached their present state, with true democracy remaining in the one and an economic caste system of innumerable classes in the other. These are deep and abiding differences, not only of society but of spirit, and they remain to this day. He traces the migrations of the various European immigrants, and shows the strong influence of the New England Yankees on the methods of frontier farming and on the present structure of industrial life in the cities. He feels that the business men were the real revolutionaries of the Midwest:

> Industry and cities and big business burst upon a Midwest society of small-town grocers, hardware merchants, meat-packers, real estate lawyers, shippers and storekeepers. Porkopolis could be the name of many a Midwest city, even now; and "pork-barrel" politics became natural in the region. The businessmen seized their opportunity. Easterners and Eastern capital joined with them to develop the Midwest; and presto, the cult of the businessman completely routed and ousted that of the farmer and even of the necessary professional men, the doctor and lawyer, in the great heart of America. The businessmen . . . were both Midwest society and its gods, at one and the same time and in one and the same lifetime. They became heroes of a new mythology while they were yet living. Midwest business and businessmen made the region more typically American in this respect than any other region—for business was all the Midwest had with which to impress or express itself. And it did it nobly.

Mr. Hutton compares the rapid Midwest industrial development with the Russian technique after 1919, when capital was "forced," plowed back into new enterprises instead of being used to improve the beauty of the surrroundings, or the health and education of the community; and he explains much of the ugly inadequacies of Midwest city life by this.

In his discussion of "Midwest mythology," I have the feeling that Mr. Hutton has invented a few myths of his own. I fear he has fallen into an error common to many who concentrate upon one group of people, one special area, in that in his concentration he has come to believe that their characteristics, whether of conversation, working habits, sexual morality or what not are somehow more extreme, more remarkable than those of any other people or region. Here are a few examples:

He believes that the makers of the Midwest were "busier, more hectically and frenziedly busy and hardworking than any men have been anywhere."

He believes there is a "pioneer myth" remaining among Midwesterners, that they still think of "O pioneers, O pioneers" as applying to themselves. I think any American of say, middle age, who grew up in the Midwest would deny such an assertion.

He says Midwesterners are far more tolerant of foibles, eccentricities, and crankiness than other Americans, and at the same time he declares that

Graham Hutton "says Midwesterners are far more tolerant of foibles, eccentricities, and crankiness than any other Americans."

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citizens of the Midwest fear new political and social ideas more than treason or crimes of violence. Personally, I don't think either assertion can be proved, any more than I believe he could prove his claim that nowhere else in America is the working and social life of middle-class city people so hard-driving, relentless, and lacking in leisure, repose, and reflection. And surely he is definitely off the mark when he writes this:

> The Midwest, the region of extremes and violent challenges, has from the outset afforded, and still to some extent affords, a natural and social arena in which the struggle to survive, fitness, combat, aggressiveness, and cunning always were and still are at a premium. The male virtues and vices can be used to their utmost there without any effort to find ways of doing it. True, they are now less exercised than ever before in the Midwest, but more so than anywhere else in America.
>
> Is it fanciful, I wonder, to link this element in Midwest life with the Midwest's admitted aversion from war, with its high concentration of pacifism, and with the simple, uninhibited, often naïve psychology of most of its inhabitants? . . . May it not be that what was called "isolationism" in the Midwest is really due to the full satisfaction of aggressive impulses in "civil" life and in time of so-called peace?

It's very fanciful, indeed. Let Mr. Hutton think a moment about Texas, for example, where the "male virtues" are at a greater premium today than in the Midwest, where life is robust and fairly rough and yet where there is very little pacifism, where men will fight at the drop of a hat, against one another or a foreign enemy.

One of Mr. Hutton's troubles is that all his comparisons are made against a background of Europe or the Eastern states. Had he spent more time in the far Northwest or the Southwest, I think he would realize that the men and women of the Midwest are not at all so extreme and so special in the virtues and vices he sees in them. I think he would see that so many of the characteristics of the Midwesterners which he describes are merely those of Americans in general.

He makes the Midwesterner a very interesting specimen of the human family—but, confound it, we're not *that* interesting.

Snow to Sizzling Desert

RIVER OF THE SUN. By Ross Calvin. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press. 1946. 153 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY VESTAL

ROSS CALVIN does not turn out a book nearly so often as his readers would like to have him do. But when a book of his appears, it is worth waiting for. His "Sky Determines" made fans of most readers who love the Southwest. Now we have his book on the Gila River.

To most people in the United States, the Gila is an unknown stream whence comes the Gila monster, that sluggish, mottled, club-tailed lizard with the venomous bite. The land it flows through was first explored more than two generations before the settlement at Jamestown. Yet its valley is still perhaps the least known region in the United States.

Mr. Calvin has given us a scholarly and readable account of this old and storied land, describing the course of the river from its high pine forests and snow peaks through the sunniest region in North America, where eight days out of ten there is scarcely a cloud in the sky. He presents a dramatic pageant of human history extending from the cliff dweller, through the Spanish conquest, the heyday of prospectors and miners, the long and bitter conflicts of murderous Apaches with our troops, and the wild days of the early cattle industry, to our own attempted reclamation of the desert. Few rivers have had so long, so varied, and so lively a history.

We ride with Coronado, Kit Carson, Generals Kearny, Crook, and Miles. We skulk and scalp with Mangas Coloradas, Cochise, and Geronimo, and learn something new about the surrender of the great Apache raider. The tale of the Gila is, as Calvin says, "a stark male story, redolent of sweat, blood, the salt smell of horse and saddle leather." It is a story that covers more than four centuries since the Europeans came—a history fought out and worked out under four flags.

The Gila flows west from the continental divide in New Mexico to the Rio Colorado and California. It is a stream of strong and strange contrasts. On no river in America can one pass so swiftly from snow and spruce to sand and saguaro. The climate varies from frozen snows ten thousand feet up in the mountains to the sizzling desert heat of Yuma. One can look down from great airliners upon flimsy grass hovels more primitive than the oldest cliff ruins.

The book is full of lively incident characteristic of the region, tales of the Spaniards, of the Mormons, of the Army of the West in the Mexican War, of the Forty Niners and the stagecoaches on the Butterfield Trail, of cattle rustlers, prospectors, dry farmers, Apaches, and of the present struggle with erosion, the struggle to clarify the waters of the "world's muddiest river."

Mr. Calvin's book does not follow the river geographically or its story chronologically. He prefers to display his subject by topics, each chapter having its own chronology, background, and incident. He is particularly graphic in describing the flora of the region and its folklore. Yet he includes plenty of good tales about Tombstone, Yuma, and the old Spanish missions—particularly San Xavier del Bac. His description of the dramatic devastation caused by overgrazing and erosion in the valley is as effective as anything in the book.

The University of New Mexico Press has turned out a handsome volume, adequately illustrated with full-page reproductions of photographs and a map in color on the double title-page. But surely a university press might also have managed an index.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 155

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 155 *will be found in the next issue.*

KB FKH MLWWNBC NC L

MLCDLGM; KB FKH MHPRDC

NC MLAXBM.

TBHGTB AEMPOONB NX

DKB KHPCB HO

GBQGBCBXDLDNJBC

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 154

Lukewarm incredulity acts as an emetic on secrets.

BALTASAR GRACIAN
Art of Wordly Wisdom

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Stepchild Fantasy

AMERICAN DAUGHTER. By Era Bell Thompson. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1946. 301 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RALPH ELLISON

IN THE life of a people the autobiographical impulse appears at the end of an era, at a point when it is faced with a new formulation of reality. It is that moment in real life that parallels the reversal and recognition scene of tragedy, during which a people discovers its past mistakes and is moved to philosophize, to despair, and to confront its life consciously. Thus it has been the war-sharpened crisis in Negro life which has impelled the recent crop of Negro autobiographies. Each is a Negro's attempt to evaluate his life, to define himself and consciously to possess his experience. Forced by the ambiguities of his situation to recognize that he is both a Negro *and* an American, a member of the family and yet an outsider; and faced with the irremediable in the form of his skin color (of which more later), he has become obsessed with a problem of identity. For the fascist war necessitated a spiritual choice (physically there was only the armed forces or jail), and having made his stand with his country in face of his own continuous grievances, he is driven to ask himself those questions which plague man whenever a sense of alienation steals irrepressibly into his consciousness: Who am I? What am I? How did I come to be?

These are the questions which prodded J. Saunders Redding into writing "No Day of Triumph," Richard Wright "Black Boy," and now Era Bell Thompson "American Daughter." These autobiographies stress negative aspects of being a Negro in the United States, although Miss Thompson accentuates what she believes to be the positive. Miss Thompson was born in Iowa of Virginia parents and grew up in North Dakota. Because she knew an environment in which she was often the lone Negro child, her experience has been exceptional. She was free of the repressing effects of segregation; she knew whites intimately, both at home and at school, and she was able to see them in a more human perspective than is possible for the majority of Negroes.

"American Daughter" is also the success story of a courageous farm girl who worked her way through college, and, after W.P.A. and domestic jobs, into civil service. Her experience, spanning the freedom of North Dakota and the Chicago ghetto, has all the elements of an important document. She makes an effort to be warm and ingratiating, and for those who forever caution Negroes against "bitterness," "American Daughter" is made to order.

Because of the absence of Jim Crow traditions among the Americans of German, Norwegian, and Russian extraction with whom she spent her childhood, Miss Thompson feels that she escaped the psychological scars that identify most Negro Americans, and that she is bound to them less by culture than by color. Yet it was exactly her color which caused her to grow up with a strong sense

of alienation even among her unprejudiced white neighbors. To deal with this alienation she developed her hair-trigger sense of humor and an insistent friendliness. Sometimes, however, she appears to have suffered more than she is willing to admit. For whenever visiting speakers told "darky" stories to the high-school assembly, the rest of the students turned to observe how she was taking it, and she learned to turn, too, "just for the hell of it." When visiting strange towns with the track team, of which she was the star, she came in for an embarrassing amount of attention. And if this isolated position equipped her with a hardy individualism, it ill prepared her to live the life of the average Negro when, dissatisfied with being the sole Negro among whites, she sought to escape to a life among "(her) own people."

Nor was this a solution, for (reminding us slightly of Richard Wright's conflicts with both Negroes and whites) she found herself apart from Negroes as well. In seeking a community with which she could identify herself absolutely she made trips to Negro centers of population. First to St. Paul, Minnesota, where unpleasant experiences with middle class Negroes left her "glad to get away from . . . colored houses where (she) was still a stranger . . . hemmed in, apart from the rest of the world." Next to Chicago, where she first read books by Negroes and was impressed by writing in which "black was beautified, Negroes exalted." But this trip was interrupted by her father's illness, and she returned to North Dakota where at his bedside she "helplessly (watched) the other part of (herself) die."

With her father dead, Miss Thompson lived with a white minister and college president and his family, in an atmosphere of such congeniality that she identifies herself as the "president's daughter." The Rileys emerge from her pages as an ideal American family, and when Era Bell left them to make her life in Chicago she found her own people very dissatisfying indeed:

> I began to look around me and evaluate the world in which I found myself. Comparing it with white standards, weighing it on white scales, I found it wanting; found myself hating the common Negro who had recently migrated from the South without benefit of freedom or education, who having never had rights of his own, lacked respect for the rights of others. I hated his loud ostentatious display of superficial wealth; yet by his standards all of us were judged, for his actions all condemned and imprisoned in a black ghetto, separated from all the other peoples of the city by covenants of prejudice.

It made her feel that she was "fighting the world alone, standing in a broad chasm between the two races, belonging to neither one."

And yet, despite her Northern birth, her exceptional experiences, and her sharp sense of difference from other Negroes, it is surprising how much like Southern Negroes Miss Thompson has managed to be. Like some of them, we find her hating her color; she indulges in "stepchild fantasies" of transcending the Negro predicament by becoming the symbolic daughter of a white family; and her humor reminds us of the Southern Negro's "laughing-just-to-keep-from-crying" technique of survival. And when we think of the incongruity of the chatty, superficial style with which she relates her life, along with the false ring of some of her reactions (as when she returns from a day's trip to Vancouver with tears of joy for America like those of a long absent traveler) we are reminded of Eliza in "Pygmalion" adopting the style of the upper class in order to win her way into its acceptance. More close to home, we are reminded that

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writing, too, like the ointments with which some Negroes attempt to bleach their dark skins to a "white" esthetic standard, can be a form of symbolic bleaching.

Miss Thompson thinks that friendliness and humor will bridge the gap between Americans, because at bottom, she believes, people are good. Negroes who have learned the ineffectiveness of a humor which must too often issue from the wrong side of their mouths, and who know that friendship must be an agreement between equals, might seriously question her solution — especially those Negroes who have learned that situations which might make for friendship between whites undergo quicksilver transformations into their opposite when they occur between Negroes and whites. As for Miss Thompson's personal solution, it might be effective; certainly it has helped her to become part of the large American family of civil service, and a "daughter" of the "great white father" at Washington.

But we don't believe that Miss Thompson's philosophy has aided her to make the most effective autobiographical use of some potentially important material. For all its friendliness and optimism, "American Daughter" is not nearly so worthy a book as "Black Boy" or "No Day of Triumph," despite their questioning pessimism. For while these autobiographies are probing and serious, Miss Thompson's is humorous and superficial; where they are deeply felt and passionate, she is strangely lacking in genuine emotion. There is such a contrast between Miss Thompson's obvious intelligence and her book that it is as though she has held back the better, more thoughtful part of herself. For although the work of a college major in journalism and the social sciences, "American Daughter" is amazingly lacking in political, sociological, economic, or psychological insights. Indeed one wonders at its publication by the very sociological University of Chicago Press—which does not usually publish autobiography.

It would be a mistake to take "American Daughter" as a serious contribution either to American biography or to the rising discussion over the damaging effect of our system of race relations upon Negro personality and our democratic health. It should be read as one Negro's point of view, not as a refutation of the validity of the views held by others. What is positive in "American Daughter" is its dream of an America in which all groups are united, the one irrepressible dream in which all Americans believe.

Russia vs. America, 1895-1914

AMERICAN-RUSSIAN RIVALRY IN THE FAR EAST. By Edward H. Zabriskie. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1946. 226 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by FOSTER RHEA DULLES

THE years between 1895 and 1914, which constitute the period with which Professor Zabriskie deals in this interesting monograph on Russian-American relations, found the United States and Russia in direct conflict over their respective policies in Eastern Asia. Our intervention in this part of the world, marked by acquisition of the Philippines and Secretary Hay's development of the Open Door policy, clashed with the resurgent imperialism of Czarist Russia seeking a wider area of economic and political control in Manchuria and North China. The Russo-Japanese War led to Japan's replacing Russia as an even more dangerous threat to American Far Eastern policy, but during these two decades the constant friction between Washington and St. Petersburg began to wear somewhat thin traditional Russian-American friendship.

What Professor Zabriskie characterizes, perhaps somewhat exaggeratedly, as the crisis in Russian-American relations arose over the refusal of Czarist Russia to accept the implications of the Open Door policy as it applied to Manchuria. Secretary Hay, and then President Theodore Roosevelt, found it increasingly difficult to deal with a government "with whom," as the former wrote, "mendacity is a science." But in spite of their growing irritation, both statesmen had to realize that there was nothing the United States could do to uphold the Open Door policy effectively unless it was willing to challenge Russia by force of arms. And this was wholly impractical. "I take it for granted," Hay wrote, "that Russia knows as we do that we will not fight over Manchuria for the simple reason that we cannot. . . . If our rights and interests in opposition to Russia in the Far East were as clear as noonday, we could never get a treaty through the Senate, the object of which was to check Russian aggression."

The impasse was suddenly broken when Japan ran the risks of war we were unwilling to assume. The United States at once hailed Japan as fighting our fight in the Far East. Her spectacular victories, however, soon threatened to upset the balance of power in the Pacific and thereby endanger our interests even more gravely than when Russia was in the ascendancy. As mediator in the Russo-Japanese war, Roosevelt consequently adopted a policy of "balanced antagonisms." Fearful of the possible consequences should Russia be driven wholly out of eastern Asia, he wished to see her remain strong enough to act as a counterpoise to the mounting imperialism of Japan. It was not that he loved Russia more, but that he now feared her less.

The succeeding administration of President Taft broke away from Roosevelt's policy in an attempt to uphold our waning interest in Manchuria through a program for the neutralization of its railroads. It failed miserably. Its only effect was to bring Japan and Russia, so lately at war, together in a united anti-American front. Manchuria was neatly divided into Russian and Japanese spheres of influence and for all the efforts of dollar diplomacy, the Open Door slowly swung shut.

Professor Zabriskie has told his story with meticulous detail insofar as the diplomatic records are concerned. While he has drawn heavily upon previous studies, notably Tyler Dennett's "Roosevelt and the Russo-Japanese War," he has also examined all the available material in the archives of the State Department and official publications of the Russian Foreign Office. His monograph is complete, accurate, and authoritative within the limits which the author has set himself, and it serves a highly useful purpose in documenting these twenty important years in Russian-American relations.

In spite of such painstaking examination of the records, however, Mr. Zabriskie has not unearthed any facts which materially modify the interpretation set forth in earlier treatments of this same period. His very briefly outlined conclusions are wholly conventional. While he has filled in certain details in recounting the political maneuvering on the Far Eastern stage, they remain details.

No attempt whatsoever is made to consider the basic forces underlying

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the clash of Russian-American diplomacy or to evaluate the strength of the factors which were responsible for either American or Russian interests in Eastern Asia. The importance of economic investments and the role of public opinion in influencing national policy are both almost completely ignored. It is only fair to emphasize that Professor Zabriskie makes no claims for presenting anything other than the diplomatic record, but the result of such an approach to international relations is none the less far from satisfactory. Diplomacy does not operate in a vacuum, and to treat it as if it did is to give an incomplete and sometimes misleading picture of actual events.

Russia as Statistics and as People

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SOVIET ECONOMIC SYSTEM: AN ESSAY ON THE EXPERIENCE OF PLANNING IN THE U.S.S.R. By Alexander Baykov. New York: The Macmillan Company. Cambridge University Press. 1946. 475 *pp.* $6.50.

BUILDING LENIN'S RUSSIA. By Simon Liberman. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1946. 224 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LOUIS FISCHER

DR. ALEXANDER BAYKOV has written a completely impersonal, unprejudiced book on Soviet Russia. His 475-page, fact-packed "essay," as he calls it, is devoid of any bias on the part of the author. But I hasten to add that it is for patient, plodding economic experts only.

Born in Russia, Baykov left that country in 1920; after that he worked in Prague. There, until 1939, he received and studied a mountain of Soviet publications and a river of Soviet statistics. The book is based exclusively on this material.

Methodically and meticulously, the cold economist traces the evolution of the Bolshevik economic system. He does not show how the system works. He merely traces the modifications it has undergone from birth to the end of the pre-war period. He offers no critical analysis, no personal observations. The book is bloodless, lifeless, humorless.

Of course, statistics can sometimes be very exciting. There is a statistical table on page 465, for instance, which tells an important story. It shows that as of January, 1937, the Soviet intelligentsia, almost all of them employed by the government, numbered 9,591,000. Since then the figure has grown. In 1937, the Soviet Union had 132,000 doctors, but 1,617,000 bookkeepers and accountants, and 822,000 economists and statisticians. There were 80,000 agronomists, 969,000 teachers, 550,000 university students, and only 46,000 officers of the law: judges, public prosecutors, coroners, etc. Lawyers are not listed. Their number is too small.

But the whole book is disembodied because it divorces the economic workings of the Soviet system from politics. Although Soviet economics is supposed to function in accordance with an economic plan it is actually the most political economy in the world, and undergoes continual

changes imposed by domestic politics and the world situation. Many Soviet economic measures can only be understood against the background of the Stalin-Trotsky or the Stalin-Bukharin-Rykov controversy. Baykov, however, omits the background. Collectivization of agriculture in Russia was a necessity, but its timing and intensity reflected internal tensions.

To ignore politics, leaders, and people in a study of any phase of Soviet life is to overlook the substance for the paper wrapping. The truth about Russia cannot be found in published official reports on the mechanics of industrial management.

"The telephone rang. The tired voice of a woman-secretary spoke: 'Comrade Lenin wants to see you'." Those are the first words of a very different book on Soviet economics by Simon Liberman, who worked for the Russian authorities in the first years of the revolution; then, having incurred the suspicions of the secret police, he left, went to Switzerland and Paris, and, in 1938, settled in the United States, where he died early this year.

His book is personal and revealing of the goings-on in the inner Kremlin circle when the revolution was young. Future historians will certainly rummage in Simon Liberman's pages for their raw material. It will be difficult to write an honest and complete history of the Soviet regime. Lenin is dead and left no diary or autobiography. Trotsky, especially after his exile from Russia, wrote much that was valuable and much that was partisan. Stalin discloses little. Many of the makers of the revolution were executed. But even if they had lived out their normal lifespan it is doubtful whether they would have revealed back-of-the-proscenium events and moods; Soviet leaders know better than to keep diaries or write memoirs. Nor have the Soviet archives been opened. Nobody knows how thoroughly the official archives were purged when the men who made revolutionary history were purged.

That is why this book with its glimpses behind the iron curtain is very welcome. The author was a Menshevik, a political opponent, therefore, of the Bolsheviks. He opposed dictatorship. But he had been a business man in timber; he was loyal to the revolution, and was ready to collaborate. In those distant days, such collaboration was accepted, and Lenin himself conferred on numerous occasions with Liberman. So did Alexis Rykov, Soviet prime minister, and Trotsky, and even Felix Dzerzhinsky, the chief of the dreaded Cheka. All these men and others walk through Liberman's little volume. You see War Lord Trotsky, haughty, prim, formal, cold, capable of inspiring a multitude and chilling the man at the other side of his desk. You see Stalin for a second; Liberman did not know him. But he tells a second-hand story of an underground meeting in the Czarist era which Stalin attended. The discussion was going against Stalin's side. So Stalin went out into the courtyard and fired off his revolver. Thinking that they were being raided by the police, the revolutionists scattered and no vote was taken. You see the struggle between the Communist theoreticians, paper planners, and suspicious Chekists on the one hand and experienced engineers and businessmen like Krassin and Liberman, who were trying to produce and buy and sell, on the other. Lenin, in his wisdom, supported the men with the know-how but

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sought not to antagonize the politicians.

On one occasion, Liberman proposed to Lenin a number of economic compromises with capitalism, the sort that were introduced a year later as the New Economic Policy or NEP. Lenin said it was too early; men were dying in battles with the Whites and the government could not alter the principles in whose name they were shedding their blood. "First we must vanquish the forces of counter-revolution," Lenin declared, "and only then will we begin to think of changes."

When Liberman repeated this conversation in Berlin a few months later to Y. O. Martov, the exiled Russian Menshevik leader, Martov was indignant. "This means that he (Lenin) sends workers to die in battle for the slogans which he doesn't mean to keep," Martov stormed. "Here were the two different approaches," Liberman comments. "One leader held that all was permissible in the name of the basic idea—the triumph of the revolution. The other maintained that even in the revolutionary struggle man must be guided by certain humanitarian principles. Perhaps that is why Martov was an emigre in Berlin while Lenin ruled in the Kremlin." It is significant, incidentally, that in that Soviet period, a high Soviet official like Liberman did not hesitate to meet and talk with an exiled political enemy of the Soviets.

In general, Liberman sympathizes with the Soviet regime and shows it in a favorable light. His tale has inner evidence of authenticity. The authenticity is enhanced by his lifelike use of color. Nothing was either white or black in the Soviet Russia of his time. Though Liberman was persecuted by the GPU and questioned by it for many hours on successive nights in a war of nerves which finally induced him to get out of the country, he did not become bitter. "The Soviet government never forgot," he writes, "that for the people, circuses are as important as bread." Liberman was caustic, not bitter. He was apparently interested in the technique of a dictatorship, and without setting out to produce a laborious thesis on that fascinating problem he has thrown much light on it. Serious students on Soviet affairs cannot afford to miss this book. It is worth a shelf of the "I Saw" books. Readers will notice how different from the body of the book dealing with the first eight years of actual personal contact with the revolution is the epilogue written two decades later in America during Russia's gallant war with Hitler. Distance, time, patriotism dulled pain.

England and the Unwashed

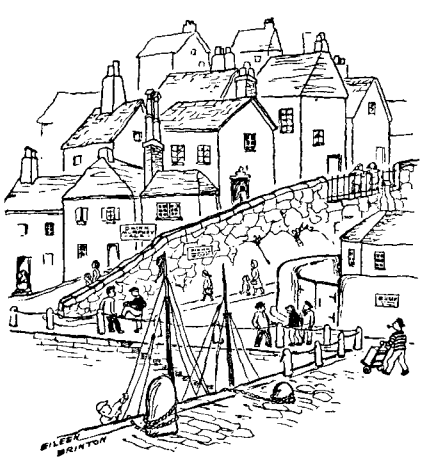
THE NATIONALITIES OF EUROPE AND THE GROWTH OF NATIONAL IDEOLOGIES. By H. Munro Chadwick. New York: The Macmillan Company. Cambridge: The University Press. 1946. 209 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by GORDON A. CRAIG

MATTHEW ARNOLD once said: "I have observed in my travels that most young gentlemen of our highest class go through Europe from Calais to Constantinople with one sentence on their lips and one idea in their minds, which suffices apparently to explain all that they see to them: 'Foreigners don't wash.'" To Arnold the expressed judgment was deplorable because it implied a superiority which was contradicted by the ignorance upon which it was based. But the passage of time has neither corrected the Englishman's good-natured contempt of foreigners, nor improved his knowledge concerning them. The author of the present study feels that this persistence in error has been responsible for some of the major mistakes in British policy in the past and that, until it is corrected, it will jeopardize England's security in the future.

The purpose of Professor Chadwick's book, as stated in his introduction, is to stimulate the desire for knowledge of foreign peoples—"to call attention to the need for more knowledge not only of national movements —their characteristics and causes, and the ideologies associated with them —but also and more especially for more knowledge of the nationalities themselves." The author undertakes to fulfill this purpose, first, by a brief survey of the development of nationalities in Europe and, second, by a series of concrete educational proposals for the future.

The survey occupies the bulk of the book and is composed of a series of connected essays on nationality and language, the evolution of the linguistic map of Europe, and the development of its political divisions. A well-known authority in the field of comparative literature, Professor Chadwick makes a real contribution, in these essays, to our knowledge of the early history of the nationalities question. It is to be regretted, however, that, especially in his discussion of the development of national ideologies, the author has restricted himself almost entirely to a consideration of the linguistic factor, which is—as he himself would admit—only one of the factors involved. His discussion of German nationalism, for instance, resolves itself into an examination of the theory that the Teutonic area was the original home of the Indo-European languages—an examination so exhaustive and so formidable in its scholarship as to hold the attention only of the specialists in the author's own field.



Yet the author's choice of this question for special attention serves to introduce the second basic theme of his study. In Germany, the academic theory that the Teutonic area was the cradle of the languages of Europe was transformed into a political doctrine according to which the Teutonic peoples were the true Indo-Europeans, "a Herrenvolk or Herrschervolk from the earliest times." Moreover, as taught in the German schools, this pseudo-scientific argument became a mischievous ideological theory which tended to reinforce the Germans' belief in their innate superiority to other peoples and to encourage their zeal for the domination of others. Professor Chadwick believes that the dissemination of this and similar ideas on the popular level in pre-war Germany was one of the factors which made the war inevitable. He believes also that the ineptitude of Britain's policy before the war was due at least partly to her failure to understand, or to realize the importance of, the national ideologies of her opponents. And he sees grave danger in the future if such ignorance continues—that is, if the English people substitute for real knowledge of foreign peoples and ideas such easy generalizations as "the feeling that Poland has always been an unfortunate country and that the Balkans have always been a troublesome part of the world."

Professor Chadwick feels that the English university is mainly responsible for this situation; but he has little faith in the university's ability

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or willingness to correct it. Indeed, a survey of the university system shows, he holds, that, in curricula, in scholarship grants, and in the establishment of academic chairs, undue emphasis has been placed upon humanistic studies, while interest in regional studies of the Balkans, Russia, and even of British colonial areas has been at a perilously low ebb. "In our knowledge of nearly all the peoples of the world, our universities have been left behind by those of Germany and other foreign nations." Professor Chadwick's insistence upon the importance of area studies and his proposed plan of an independent Institute of International Studies, designed to do the job which the universities have failed to do, will be of special interest to American educators who seem at the present time to be placing more emphasis upon regional studies than they would appear to have done at any time in the recent past.

A Frenchman Looks at England

THE ENGLISH WAY. By Pierre Maillaud. New York: Oxford University Press. 1946. 312 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

PIERRE MAILLAUD is a French newspaperman who, under the *nom de guerre* of Pierre Bourdan, was heard almost nightly throughout the war on the very effective Fighting French broadcasts from London to their compatriots in France. No small part of the credit for the success of these broadcasts—and that they were successful was fully confirmed after France had been liberated—belongs to M. Maillaud. His commentaries were notable technically because he had whatever it is that makes for success in this newest of the arts, and which makes a mere voice into a whole man, or even a universe. There was always, however, in M. Maillaud's broadcasts an intellectual substance that remained after the charm of his voice had faded out. This substance reappears in his thoughtful book on the English people, as it had earlier in the little book on France he contributed to the series "The World Today."

M. Maillaud's book on England is not a simple introductory explanation of the way the English people live. It can be fully appreciated only by those who already know a good deal about England past, and preferably also about England present. Nor is it a neat, systematic treatise on English politics, religion, customs, social structure, international relations, though it deals with all of these, and more. M. Maillaud is too good a Frenchman to write obscure or heaven-storming sentences. On any given topic he is always clear, and usually reasonable. If the total structure of the book is often a little less clear—well, M. Maillaud is not writing a textbook for American students, but a commentary on the place of England in the Western world today.

Three main threads may be discerned, interwoven with considerable skill to make a book that is constantly stimulating, even when it repeats what men have been saying about England for several centuries. First there is that of the national character of the English, which all told must take up more than half the book. Now in these days when the weight of literary and scientific accumulation has attained a more than Alexandrian

pressure, when we are all more or less epigones, writers on national traits and habits of mind are often tempted to assert their originality by attacking generally held opinions, and by taking refuge in outrageous paradoxes. M. Maillaud, though clearly a clever person, is also a sensible one, and he makes no attempt in dealing with the English character to demolish commonplaces that seem to him true. Yet, though he disdains to astound us, he does amplify, and often deepen, our appreciation of such familiar English traits as love of privacy, ethical idealism, willingness to compromise, toleration of individual eccentricity; and he makes admirably clear why the conventional Marxian notion of the class struggle, which in Marxian theory ought to have been most evident in that early industrialized land of grave economic and social inequalities, never yet has taken on reality in England. In this difficult genre—for it is harder to write intelligently about national character than about individual character—M. Maillaud comes out very well indeed.

A second thread is a running account of British politics, domestic and international, since M. Maillaud first came to England in the early thirties. This is by no means a complete account, and is indeed obviously intended to give color and background to M. Maillaud's generalizations about the English people, or to buttress his final argument for British postwar policy. It is therefore a somewhat uneven account, but it contains many good bits, notably an admirable analysis of British policy in the Abyssinian and Spanish crises of yesteryear.

Finally, and running all through the book, there is M. Maillaud's own design for good living for the human race, and his own hopes and fears of the future. To simplify this design from his incomplete and quite undogmatic sketches in this book is perhaps unfair, but also quite unavoidable. Briefly, M. Maillaud fears the bigness, impersonality, standardization, and uniformity of the impersonal mass rule and bureaucracy that threaten us still, even though the Nazi version of such rule was about to be beaten when he wrote the book early in 1944. He is occasionally polite to Russia, nodding to her real diversity in a footnote or two, and he is studiously silent about the United States. But one guesses that he fears Bigness and Deadening Uniformity almost as much from a possible American world supremacy as from a possible Russian world supremacy. He does not actually go into these matters. He does, however, urge Britain to avoid throwing herself into world-politics, and realize her essential identity with the Smallness and Enlivening Diversity of Western Europe.

The above is, of course, an undue simplification of M. Maillaud's main thesis. He clearly does not go so far as Mr. R. H. S. Crossman recently has, and advocate an Anglo-French-Italian - other - virtuous - small states block in Europe to preserve civilization and neutrality while the irreconcilable Americans and Russians fight it out, presumably by rocket bombs, over European heads. But there is unmistakably in M. Maillaud's book a tendency to identify the good with a Western heritage derived from the Greeks, and passing down through a sort of cultural axis Rome-Paris-London. Now this notion is by no means wholly unfounded, however much it may hurt American—or German or Russian—pride to admit it. But where M. Maillaud errs is in assuming that if the rest of the world goes barbarian, this heritage can be preserved in a little oasis in northwest Europe. We must all share it, or there will be none to share.

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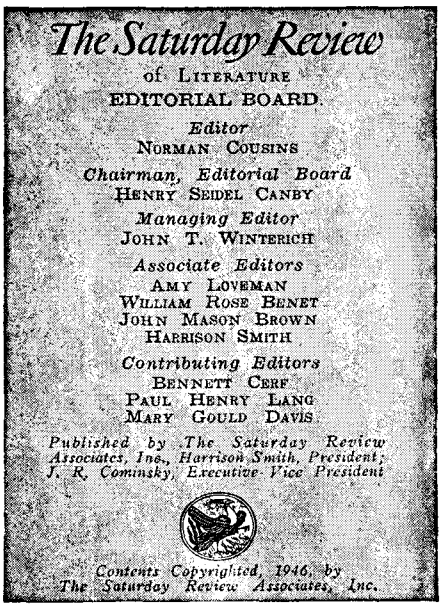

FULL STATURE

WHEN the first of these annual issues of *The Saturday Review* dedicated to university presses was proposed, there was some shaking of heads among the elder statesmen, some hurried and anxious exchange of letters. Was *SRL* going to embalm the idea prevalent among many of the Murray Hill gentry, that university press publishing was something to quarantine? Or was *The Saturday Review* itself just throwing out a tarpaulin to catch all and sundry advertisements from that section of the publishing fraternity reputed "not to advertise"? Doubts were quickly resolved; Don Geddes, whose "Pleasures of Publishing" at Columbia became almost as widely known as Nicholas Murray Butler, was chosen the first guest editor, Don having left the academic atmosphere of Morningside Heights to be editor of Pocket Books.

Since that time, the *Review's* circulation has been zooming, although not necessarily on that account. On top of that, since that time, too, the University of Oklahoma's "Plowman's Folly" sold almost 300,000 copies, Chicago's "The Road to Serfdom" stirred up a hornet's nest while selling 100,000 copies, and Rutgers published a garden book which touched a mere 600,000 copies in its various editions, all without benefit of clergy (for the uninitiated, without book club selection). This paragraph, we admit, may not impress the professors, God bless them, but it may put ideas in the head of some professor's wife who wants a new fur coat.

Also, in this period, the Association of American University Presses has become a full-fledged professional group. It has established standards of membership which will help not only to maintain the high principles of its present members but aid universities to plan the establishment of presses and start operations without fumbling.

The days of "professional amateurism" of university press publishing are over. University presses are now an integral part of American publishing. They are continuing the fine, frequently unrecognized and unappreciated service to American scholarship which has always distinguished their lists. They have added a new and increasingly valuable service to the non-scholar, and more and more they are encouraging the forward-looking among American scholars to write for a citizenry which is composed, in its majority, of business men, professional men, farmers, and workers. These presses also have learned how to sell books, and they *do* advertise. Even during the darkest days of the prewar depression, they never lost sight of their high standards of book making. Two presses, even, have been responsible for new type faces, California with the face of that name, and Monticello, now being designed for Princeton.

As important, perhaps, as the professional touch is the regional and national distribution of these old and newer publishing houses. University presses truly make of American publishing a national industry. And this is important to American writing. Any editor will tell you that trying to tell an author in writing what is wrong with a book is difficult at best, if not impossible. But when you can sit down with the author and talk over what is wrong, you are going places. It is now possible for the writer of non-fiction to have such direct help without having to travel all over the country to get such advice. He will find a press not too far distant on the Pacific Coast, in the Southwest, the Southeast, the Midwest, the East. Not only can the author thus obtain direct help, but he is in a position even to give "needed" advice on advertising, without which an editor's life would not be complete.

In many respects, university presses are ahead of their campuses. There was a time when the graduate school called the turn so far as a university's general standing was concerned. Today it is the university press which is more and more acting as educational accelerator. Despite its nobility of purpose, graduate training has tended more and more to become part of the great wastelands of the intellect. Unfortunately, many university presses have been turned loose to forage on this wasteland, through the requirement that they publish *all* dissertations for the doctorate accepted by their particular universities. Not all university press publishers will go so far as this writer in bemoaning this requirement, as readers of previous issues of *SRL* devoted to the presses will recall. By and large, however, there is a healthy revolt against this indiscriminate requirement, both among publishers and among younger faculty members.

Previous special issues of *SRL* devoted to university publishing have been written almost entirely by the publishers. In this issue, we have asked a number of university publishers to tell what the presses have done; and, in fairness to the frequently abused scholar, we have asked some of the foremost exponents in the great disciplines to tell the university publisher what remains for him to do.

NOW, both the learned and the non-learned are puzzled, yes, even baffled, by the knowledge that in the period of climax of mass education, civilization seems to be crumbling. We seem to be approaching a doomsday, powerless to prevent it. We expect conformity in our educational leaders and we condemn those who do not fit into the accepted group. We are slaves of the necessity of making a living and we expect our educational system not only to teach us how but to train us as well in making an even better living than the generation that taught us. We pay our teachers and professors less than our auto mechanics, because the mechanic makes it possible for us to speed along life's highway without our seeing the deserted villages, the desolate store fronts, the harried faces of the onlookers which line the road on which our speeding car dashes to a momentary and illusory happiness.

We have passed the steam age for the combustible age. We are so accustomed to speed that the calmness of pause makes us dizzy. Frenetic. Irritable. Statesmen and common folk merge in one common stream of mutual frustration. We should be able to turn to clergy and scholar for spiritual sustenance, but it is difficult to hear them, because the pounding of our hearts drowns the weak cry of solace.

How to restore faith, a healing faith, is the cardinal question of our time. And so we conclude our special issue with Paul G. Hoffman. He speaks for the vast inarticulate masses. He raises some of the questions which make university publishing, in these times, no mere calling but a challenge to leadership.

Joseph A. Brandt,
Guest Editor.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Racial Discrimination

SIR: The letter from William H. Tymous on "Stereotypes and the Race Question" in your April 27 issue interested me. I should like to see it and similar letters get still wider circulation. A few months ago Wolcott Gibbs, in his drama column in *The New Yorker,* quoted from a very fine letter concerning the play "Strange Fruit."

This brings me into the field of reprint rights and so on, about which I know absolutely nothing — but wouldn't it be fun if someone could make a little collection of letters to various publications on this subject of racial discrimination and reprint them in pamphlet form? Somehow the ideas seem to carry more weight when they come as spontaneous outbursts of citizens rather than as paid editorials or articles.

Have you any ideas? For my part, I should be delighted to begin keeping a clipping file if someone can be found with the money, inclination, and good old American know-how to do something with it.

MRS. R. W. STOUGHTON.
116 East Malta Road,
Oak Ridge, Tennessee

The Lunar Rainbow

SIR: I am interested to learn that the lunar rainbow is particularly rare, since I once witnessed it myself. I cannot describe it in poetry, as Starr Nelson did, but it was a rather romantic occasion, since I was on the way to a dance with a group of young people. 'Twas a July night in the Missouri Ozarks—the customary evening electrical storm suddenly ceased and the lunar rainbow appeared like a phantom. It was white, but with shadings, and very beautiful, with stars glittering all about and the lightning still flashing across the sky.

This was in 1938, in Shannon County, if you are interested in statistics. The rainbow was visible for about twenty minutes as I recall—an experience I shall never forget.

ELIZABETH REED.
Arlington, Va.

Reviewords

SIR: Comment on the present lavish use of *virtually*:

A writer is terser, his *virtue's* no worser
When its well is unshared by *ally*;
For though avid with pitcher he'll be none the richer
When the spring of his thought runs dry.

PEARL YOUNG.
St. Augustine, Fla.

Widow's Sons

SIR: "He was a widow's son." So reads a verse in the seventh chapter of I Kings, describing Hiram of Tyre, worker in brass who did the expert work in brass on the temple at Jerusalem. I am compiling a list of significant personalities of whom it would be said, "He was a widow's son." When James J. Hill, empire builder of the Northwest, was carrying on his great achievement of helping to develop the mighty agricultural resources of the Dakotas, he said: "If I want to find a man who will be dependable and resourceful, I look for one who is the hope and support of a widowed mother." What widow's sons do you know who have achieved distinction or rendered special service?

OTIS MOORE.
Pastor, Garnerville
Methodist Church,
Garnerville, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"It's a new unemployment project—Rameses calls it a pyramid."

Woodman, Spare That Tree!

SIR: Mr. Brown's article [*SRL,* May 11] analyzing a phase of Ph.D.-ism is one of a series of outcroppings that have recently erupted concerning scholarship. Beginning with the avowed intention of not attacking all scholarship, the effect of these columns and of the labels applied is indiscriminately inclusive.

Seemingly, the dry-as-toast researchers have cast their burnt crumbs upon the water only to have them turn up as wormwood in any number of cups. To counterpoise this overexaggerated aridity, Mr. Brown and others bring weighted arguments for "live estheticism." The solution, as per usual, lies somewhat about the limbo of the in-between.

Clothed in the disinterested mantle of lifting "the dead hand of scholarship," the reasons underlying these particles of bitterness range from the stress on practicality and vocationalism to personal disappointment. They rail against scholarship's picayune tendencies, rant about its piddling disquisitions, failing, all the while, to understand its value. They seem to forget that a culture is not built on secondary effusions of appreciation, but that it is built on facts, and that these facts are sought out by scholars. Without them any generalization or evaluation is a tissue of lies and false conclusions. Even those scholars who engage in resolving what appears to be desiccated minutiae are infinitely more valuable than the frothy appreciators. The details in learned articles are there for a creative mind to gather and to relate to modern instances; groundless simulated estheticism does not warrant discussion. Thus, any thinking individual who permits himself the luxury of blanketing a derisive connotation onto researchers is shortsightedly hacking at the supports on which he stands.

AARON B. SEIDMAN.
New York, N. Y.

A Shocking Parade

SIR: Your recent editorial "For Murderers Only" [*SRL,* May 18] stirred me to pass on this suggestion for those Americans who still do not realize the importance of feeding the world's hungry.

Why don't we have a nation-wide tour of several hundreds of starved and starving people from various sections of the world to awaken us, to disturb us, to shock us into action? Perhaps this sideshow would be the answer for the American temperament, that something has been received for humanitarianism.

NICHOLAS MOCHARNIUK.
New York, N. Y.

Vice-Presidents and "Who's Who"

SIR: Mr. Huxley feels (*SRL* April 13) that of all the curious omissions in the British "Who's Who" the "most extraordinary" is that of President Truman. "Granted, he was only Vice-President when the 1945 'Who's Who' appeared, but after all he *was* Vice-President!" he exclaims.

But he *wasn't* Vice-President when the book went to press. "Some occurrences of a date later than the end

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of October 1944, when the early pages of the edition had to go to press, could not be recorded in the body of the book," says the preface.

Proper acknowledgment of the importance of the office is made on page 2825, second column, under the entry: "Wallace, Henry Agard."

ALLAN H. WAGNER.
New York, N. Y.

The Dying Queen

SIR: In your issue of May 18 the reviewer of Virginia Moore's "Ho For Heaven!" failed to catch the wry humor of the famous death-bed conversation between Queen Caroline and George II. When the dying queen advised her husband to remarry, the king replied, *"Non, j'aurai des maîtresses."* Caroline, having good cause to remember her husband's extramarital indulgence, replied, *"Ah! mon Dieu! cela n'empêche pas."* It is to be regretted that the queen's comment was mistranslated as "Well, my God, there's no harm in that."

FRANCIS A. DRUMM.
Worcester, Mass.

Reading for Germans

SIR: Among the items "Germany is reading" which were *not* mentioned by Baukhage in his excellent report in your issue of February 23, 1946 is the *SRL* itself. In Marburg, an intellectual center in the western part of the American zone of occupation, there are two subscriptions. My personal one is passed around among the professors of Marburg and Frankfurt universities, which it is my responsibility to "supervise" for Military Government. The other is put in the reading room of the "American Library" of Marburg, a small affair run by the Office of Information Control in the State Department.

I have been in Germany for almost a year and a half now and I may say that the hunger for American publications is everything Baukhage says it is. For German colleges and universities they are an absolute essential. Yet the official funds available for purchasing items for the Germans, even for the wide-awake ones who are teaching the things we want taught, are, regrettably, infinitesimal.

I am sure many readers of the *SRL* would like to send books and magazines to help fill in the gaps in knowledge about the USA left by the dictatorship and the occupation, if they only knew how. I am already distributing contributions from Harvard, Chicago, Princeton, and other institutions, but this is a mere trickle. All senders will receive acknowledgments and statements of disposition. I'd be interested to see what items *SRL* readers select as the most effective psychological peace-fare.

E. Y. HAWTHORNE.
University Officer
Mil Gov Det G-39
APO 872, New York, N. Y.

FitzGerald's Birthplace

SIR: I assume that Mr. Jerome D. Greene has reproached you betimes or you him; yet I persist. His letter (issue of May 18) speaks of Edward FitzGerald's birthplace as "Bredfield House in Sussex." I can scarcely believe that Mr. Greene said that. If necessary to remind him, or your readers, the fact (as stated by FitzGerald himself in his delightful jingling ballad called "Bredfield Hall," and long held in happy homage by those of East Anglian blood) is that Fitz was born at Bredfield Hall, near Woodbridge, in SUFFOLK.

I enjoy thinking how distraught old Thomas B. Mosher would be if he had seen that item—he who joyously pirated, in 1902, 600 copies on Van Gelder paper of F. Hindes Groome's "Edward FitzGerald: An Aftermath," where you can check my statement.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.
Roslyn Heights, L. I.

A Saintly Limerick

SIR: The earliest specimen of limerick I know of is to be found, by a freakish coincidence, in a Latin prose prayer of St. Thomas Aquinas, who lived seven hundred years ago. I owe the reference to a brief note published in the London *Times* several years ago, and contributed by an English clergyman, whose name I have unfortunately forgotten and mislaid:

Vitiorum meorum evacuatio,
Concupiscentiae et libidinis exterminatio:
Caritatis et patientiae
Humilitatis et oboedientiae
Omniumque virtutum augmentatio.

By another coincidence the Latin may be translated almost word for word, rhymes and all, into English:

Of all my faults let there be evacuation,
Of passion and greed extermination;
But of charity and patience,
Humility and obedience,
And of all the virtues augmentation.

GEORGE DWIGHT KELLOG.
Schenectady, New York

John Donne's Century

SIR: Doubtless other *SRL* readers were, with me, shocked at finding the following paragraph in Thomas Sugrue's review of Virginia Moore's "Ho for Heaven!" (*SRL*, May 18, p. 14):

> The eighteenth century was bemused by the idea that life is a stage. . . . Deathbed scenes abound in literature of that curious hundred years; . . . Everyone tried to make a memorable exit. John Donne sat for a portrait in his grave clothes, then lay in his coffin to wait for death. . . .

If Miss Moore errs, and places Donne (1573-1631) a century after his time, surely it is the duty of a conscientious reviewer to make note of that error.

LOIS E. LANGLAND.
Northampton, Mass.

Six of One and So On

SIR: Mr. William S. Lynch was not wrong to use the term *Oedipus complex* of a girl in love with her father. In the early days of psychoanalysis *Oedipus complex* and *Electra complex* were employed appropriately as your correspondent suggests. Since then, however, the trend has been to use *Oedipus complex* for both girls and boys.

JOHN MACIVER.
College of Physicians and Surgeons,
Columbia University
New York, N. Y.

Attention Mr. Fowler

SIR: The author of "A Solo in Tom-toms"
Never learned the score.
He smugly calls for a solo *in*
When obviously he means *for*.

GORDON MAPES.
New York, N. Y.

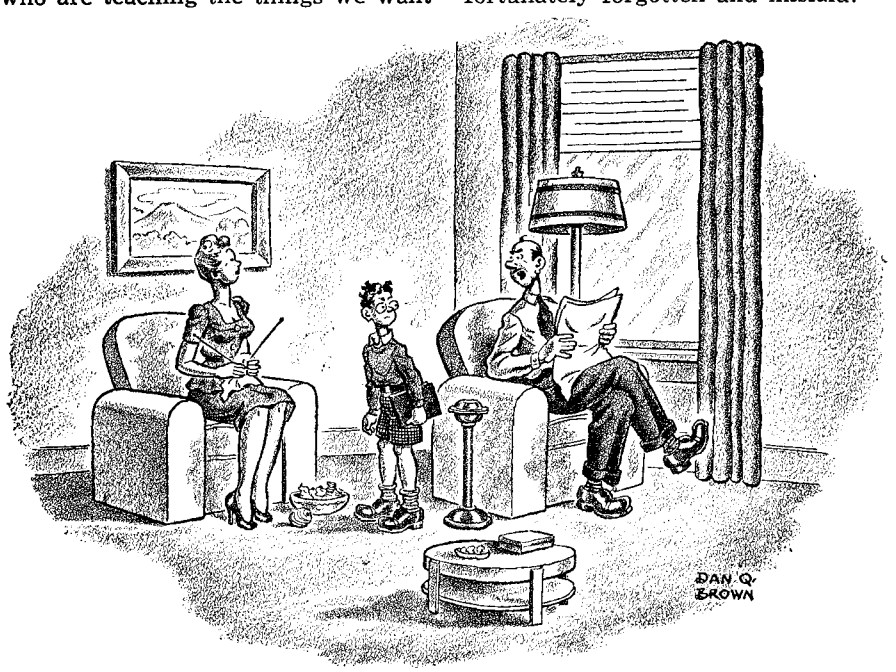
Postscript

SIR: I hasten to put
Outside of my pen
Any book in which
Brass uses "my men."

(*SRL, May* 11)

SIR: In haste I correct
One word in your quote:
Ken and not *pen* makes
Sense out of my note.

ROLLO G. SILVER.
Brockton, Mass.



"Make him stop quoting Henry Wallace."

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A Two-Dimensional R. L. S.

NO MORE A STRANGER. By Anne B. Fisher. Palo Alto: Stanford University Press. 1946. 265 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JEAN C. S. WILSON

TO RECREATE a period that is past and a time that is gone and to people it with figures of fancy and dream that never existed beyond the imagination of an author requires consummate skill such as John Lloyd Balderston exhibited in "Berkeley Square," but to take an historical person whose biographical record is available in any public library and attempt to portray thoughts, feelings, and conversations at a given moment in an actual lifetime requires the knowledge of human nature and the technical ability of a Shakespeare or at the very least of a Strachey. Unfortunately Mrs. Fisher has chosen to cast her discussion of Robert Louis Stevenson's brief stay in Monterey, California, in the form that Shakespeare and Strachey found so successful—fictionalized biography.

From the first page to the last I found this disturbing and distracting, for Mrs. Fisher has picked a particularly difficult period to tell us what Stevenson said, how he felt, and in general the tenor of his thoughts from day to day. "No More A Stranger" covers the autumn months of 1879 in which Stevenson had momentarily broken with his family and his comfortable existence in Scotland and the continent, to follow his future wife Fanny Osbourne to Monterey, where she was staying with her children, Isobel and Lloyd. This must have been a trying time for them all, since Mrs. Osbourne had not then decided to divorce her first husband and marry Stevenson. A verbatim report of the relationship between Mrs. Osborne and Stevenson under such circumstances seems an almost impossible task. But it is around this basic situation and against a cinematic background of the semi-tropical foliage, adobe houses, and sun-baked streets of the old Spanish town of Monterey that Mrs. Fisher spins her account of Stevenson's trials and vicissitudes as, to use her phrase, a pauper lover.

Under her treatment neither Stevenson nor Fanny Osbourne came alive for me in the sense of three-dimensional people. Both of them seem rather like portraits on a wall that exhibit the same surfaces daily. The outlines of life are there, but the changes of mood, expression, and thought which are inherent in vitality are missing. Mrs. Fisher's portrayal of Stevenson is less static than her portrayal of Mrs. Osbourne, but many of the essential elements of his nature are lacking. There is no mention of Stevenson's strong Calvinistic streak which had so much to do with the purity and restraint of his literary style and, even more important, was the direct source of his serious personal preoccupation with the forces of good and evil. Nowhere in her portrait do we find Stevenson's passion for leaf and twig, stream and hill, yet at this period he had just completed his pastoral "Travels with a Donkey" and "An Inland Voyage."

"No More a Stranger" tells Robert Louis Stevenson's "vicissitudes as a pauper lover."

During all but this particular time in his life Stevenson was a devoted son and extraordinarily close to his parents, but because Mrs. Fisher writes of him at his one moment of estrangement the casual reader might well feel that Stevenson's family associations were unhappy. The reverse, of course, is true. After his marriage Stevenson and his wife returned to Scotland, where they became part of a warm family circle that was untouched by time and distance and broken only by death. The author's truest and most engaging picture of Stevenson is as the untidy dilettante artist who has not yet come to terms with life.

Mrs. Fisher handles her local color as one steeped in the traditions and history of the region she describes. The minor characters, the boarding-house and saloon keepers, the occasional visiting ranchers, the whalers, the Indians, the drifters, all are well and realistically drawn. Indeed the shifting scenes of Monterey itself, the descriptions of the effect of everyday occurrences on the lives of the inhabitants, present an unusual picture of community life at the close of the seventies. And so while "No More a Stranger" is not a penetrating character study, it is eminently satisfactory as regional literature and as a factual narrative of Stevenson's little-known life in Monterey. At a time when all of us are looking backward to our roots for strength and guidance in our present politically difficult day, the Stanford University Press should be complimented on the publication of such a book. Minuscule though it is, Mrs. Fisher in her use of background does give us a slice of Americana.

Meanwhile

By Hortense Flexner

BETWEEN the equation and the flash,
The wheat will grow, the plane take off for France,
Between the desk-light and the total ash,
The typing hands will flicker and the deal
Be closed "effective in a year";
Swiftly, between the concept and the crash,
Man webbed in steel
But cherishing romance,
Spins in the sky, sends rays to breach the moon,
Collects antiques, invents new kitchen gear,
Visits the zoo and smiles at the baboon.
Yet in the secret mind
That signals mystic weather storm or fair,
A shadow falls at noon,
Its meaning chill, depressingly combined
With such odd words as "death," "destroy," "decease";
An echo or a presence now aware
Of ancient things—a pyramid, the crease
In mummy linen, or the spare
Unbreakable skeleton of Greece.

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"King of Poets"

THE LIFE OF EDMUND SPENSER. By Alexander C. Judson. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1945. 238 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by LESLIE HOTSON

IT is curious that a new life of the poet of "The Faerie Queene" strikes the reader as more topical and timely than the last "new" one, which appeared in 1884. Yet with our fresh experience of a continuing war against conquering and encroaching despotisms, we can understand, to a degree impossible to our fathers and grandfathers, the hopes, fears, and grim resolution of the Elizabethans.

Edmund Spenser's life spanned almost the whole of Elizabeth's reign. It witnessed all the vicissitudes of an unremitting war, declared and undeclared, to defend the English heritage of freedom from destruction at the hands of a Continental autocracy —an autocracy which bulked far greater than England in might, and which certainly lagged far behind her in the development of civil liberty. Yet neither Spain's mines of gold and silver, her military renown, nor the ideological strength of her crusading fervor sufficed to convince England that resistance was hopeless and appeasement the only course. On the contrary. With a boldness which raised wonder in friend and foe, with a skill uncanny and a tenacity incredible, Elizabeth and her Englishmen blocked, feinted, raided—and in the end outfought and bankrupted her massive opponent. If she and they had not found the heart to stand fast against all odds in the long fight to a decision, there would be today no democratic British Commonwealth of Nations, no United States of America. The roll of the American Legion should lead off with *Elizabeth, Grenville, Drake, Hawkins, Raleigh.*

And *Spenser.* No one can read "The Faerie Queene" without entering the heroic atmosphere it breathes of devotion, resolve, and national dedication to the ideal.

Since Dr. Grosart's "Life of Spenser," published more than sixty years ago, long steps have been taken in Elizabethan studies. Notable among the discoveries are new facts about this poet's work and life, trophies in the main of a devoted and energetic company of American scholars inspired by the late Edwin Greenlaw. The fruits both factual and critical are now exploited in the stately variorum edition, completed by the present one-volume life by Alexander C. Judson. It was time that the new material, married with the old, should be put into the hands of the public. We open this handsome book with keen anticipation.

—*Bland Gallery*

"The roll of the American Legion should lead off with *Elizabeth, Grenville, Drake, Hawkins, Raleigh.* And *Spenser.*"

The author has approached his subject with enthusiasm, reverent sentiment, and a diffidence betrayed by his grateful enumeration of the authorities who read and criticized his manuscript. His conservatism is deliberate, and perhaps imposed by a scholar's determination to forestall possible attacks. Yet we miss the sparkle which only a well-ticketed foray or two into theory could provide. Such queries as "Did his eleven college mates guess that he alone of the twelve would win real distinction in life?" and "Spenser's wife . . . had perhaps accompanied him to England; if so, did the long period of waiting prove as tedious to her as to her husband?" will not be assailed as adventurous speculations.

There is little but praise for the skill with which the augmented biographical data have been woven into a tissue enriched and illuminated by adroit and happy quotation from Spenser's works. But this biographer makes a larger claim—"I have undertaken to place him in his environment" — and his performance challenges examination.

To let the modern reader savor the Elizabethan environment, the modern author must be steeped in their thoughts, and draw and draw again, as Neale has brilliantly shown, on the Elizabethans themselves. Know what they are saying, and then let them talk. It is wisdom to know ourselves for interpreters weak and fallible. Our unassisted minds are hopelessly modern.

When we look into Dr. Judson's description of Spenser's enlightened schoolmaster, Richard Mulcaster, we are startled to be told that Mulcaster "believed in self-expression." Was "self-expression" for children ever thought of before the days of progressive education? What Mulcaster *did* believe in (and this put him far ahead of his time) was the discovery and training of aptitudes: something very different. If one of us could witness one of Mulcaster's lessons in penmanship or drawing given to a boy who showed aptitude for those arts, "self-expression" would occur to us no more than it occurred to them.

Again, Dr. Judson exerts himself to prove that Spenser owed a special debt to his notable teacher. He ostensibly quotes Mulcaster as saying that "boys with a gift for poetry . . . should study the poets." On the contrary: what Mulcaster *did* say was that the works of the poets had no place in a school. He recommended the inclusion in textbooks of carefully selected verses of Horace to teach manners, and religious verses cunningly imitated from the "prophane" poets. Of such grown men as are determined to be poets, he remarks: "Some veins be rapt [*i.e.*, entranced, transported], and will needs prove poets; leave them 'The Art of Poetry,' and the whole books and arguments of poets."

Stranger still is Dr. Judson's next passage: "Moreover, Mulcaster's theory of poetry was strikingly like Spenser's practice: when poets write soberly, without disguise, declares Mulcaster, they are not true poets, but only when they 'cover a truth with a fabulous veil.'" Is not the fact completely the reverse of this? Poets as poets are covered with Mulcaster's ridicule. Their fabulous inventions are read by learned men only to be laughed at, and "to behold what bravery [*i.e.*, display, finery] enthusiasm inspireth." True, they are not dangerous when they write unadorned didactic verses; but at such times they are not properly "poets." It is only when they cover a truth with a fabulous veil that they are true poets and must be kept away from the young. We must beware, however, even with religious verses, "that we plant not any poetical fury in the child's habit. For that rapt inclination is too ranging of itself, though it be not helped forward where it is." It looks as though Spenser's wild wits becharmed him into a "true poet" of fable and fancy in spite of all Mulcaster could do to save him.

The most successful and valuable of Dr. Judson's chapters are those which trace Spenser in Ireland. Here we find more quotation from contemporary sources, and a far more vivid

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view, by contrast with England, of the keen pressures of "colonial" life in that ruined and half-savage land.

But to bring us to know how *new* a poet Spenser seemed, how unexpected his innovations in verse, how shocking his raking up of old words from Chaucer and the corners of the English countryside—so that in mercy to the reader his "Shepheards Calender" came out provided with notes and glossary—Dr. Judson gives us little evidence from Spenser's reading public. We look in vain for Guilpin's well-known testimony to the literary disputes he kindled:

Some blame deep *Spencer* [*sic*] for
his grandam words;
Others protest that in them he records
His maister-peece of cunning; giving
praise
And gravity to his profund-prickt
layes.

To close on a lighter note, and to suggest that reading and criticism of Spenser were not confined to courtier and collegian, the present reviewer would call attention to the strictures of an East Anglian country gentleman, set down in painful verse on blank pages of his account-book.

With a new-conned copy of "The Faerie Queene" (Bks. I-III, 1590) before him, our East Anglian critic and rhymester laboriously copies out all Spenser's dedicatory stanzas, the commendatory verses of his friends, and finally the first five stanzas of the great poem. There he calls a halt, and makes his memorandum—to which a little punctuation is added:

The aucthor of thes verses made
a booke in quarto cont. 589 pages,
alltogither of this kind of staff,
wherof these be the first; bearing
great fame, but not in my Judgement. Look mo of his after pa 364.

Ould outworne woordes this aucthor
doth observe
And vsuall staff, or measure, doth
reiect.
if praise or blame therefor he do
deserve
I can not Judge, although I may
suspect
that when a woorke is strang &
nue devised,
the aucthor is Invyéd, or despised.

In the following year, the publication of Spenser's satire moves him to further criticism. The wide acclaim won by "The Faerie Queene" (though he can't see why it is so great) has made the public indulgent to the inveterate faults he finds in the new work. He may be wrong, but he stubbornly clings to intellectual honesty in his "Censure of Mother huberdes tale:"

No point of praise ther soundeth in
myne ear
in poem wch such speciall fame doth
beare.
yt halteth oft aswell in Ryme as feet,
hath Theame obscure & verse more
harsh then sweet.

If St. Paul Can—

AROUND THE WORLD IN ST. PAUL. By Alice L. Sickels. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. 1945. 257 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

THE record of any device which has been successful in drawing together significantly large groups of Americans of different ancestries deserves to be read widely for the clues it may give to ways of ameliorating social cleavages. Too frequently such records are buried

in the self-conscious social betterment periodicals or lie on the shelves where dully written tracts by professional workers are placed by well-intentioned librarians. They are often a thing apart, sought out by the informed but carelessly avoided by everyone else who knows that a half-baked thriller will provide a more enjoyable evening.

Alice L. Sickels's recital of the progress made in St. Paul in bringing into unity people of more than thirty different nationalities deserves a far better fate. There is no doubt that it will be read and studied by those whose lot it is to find projects and methods to show the oneness of our nation. For the teacher, the clergyman, the community leader, the book is part of the curriculum. But it has qualities which transcend its technical interests. The enthusiasm of the author, the warmth of her portrayal of flesh and blood individuals, the judicious mixture of sound philosophic principle and specific instance swing the reader into a feeling of nearness with the events and people described—into a feeling of envy that in his own community there is no chance to dance the mazurka or eat shishkebab.

In the 1942 Festival of Nations held in St. Paul the largest group of costumed participants was the Italian. And when they came on the floor they received a tremendous ovation from the thousands of their fellow Americans crowded in the arena. That too, only a few months after Pearl Harbor. This dramatic testimony of one city's freedom from ridiculous prejudice and its intelligent distinction between a hostile government and loyal Americans is moving and colorful. It is one of a hundred bits of evidence that the International Institute of St. Paul had found an amazingly effective instrument of true neighborliness for its city when it established the Folk Festival in 1932. Even without the endorsements the annual Festival has received from Franklin Roosevelt, the Crown Prince of Denmark, Harold Stassen, Adolph Berle, Louis Adamic, and other luminaries, the story of the project needs only the telling to prove its success. It is told here by the former executive secretary of the International Institute of St. Paul, who was instrumental in its origination and under whose general direction the idea developed from a modest assembly of folk dancers to a great festival acclaimed throughout the nation. In the course of the telling, light is shed on the work of the Institute and on the psychological and social difficulties of the thousands of foreign-born Americans who, naturalized or not, are made to feel alien and unaccepted by a people whose greatness is the sum total of hundreds of millions of foreigners.

St. Paul's polyglot population may be regarded as a characteristic example of hundreds of other cities. Hence, despite the special orientation of Miss Sickels's work, her methods and conclusions apply to the majority of our large centers of population and for that matter to our small ones as well. The reader will find himself translating her experiences and hopes into terms of his own locality.

Undoubtedly, therein lies the greatest value of the book. If enough people in enough places can be stirred by the enthusiasm and attainments of the author, we will have been prodded another pace along the path to national unity. And that road, if followed wisely, leads to international unity.

Back of the Folk Festival is the basic philosophy of assimilation which, unlike the old melting pot idea, sees Americanization as a two-way process. "It is not enough for the foreign born to accept America.

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The older Americans must accept these newer ones—and accept them as people for their own sakes, not merely as workers for their labor." These people must be kept proud of their culture and traditions that all Americans may benefit from them. If there is one antidote for the standardization which curses America it is surely the sense of cultural diversity we have had the good fortune to inherit. These diversities are the blessing of nationalism. To fuse them without destroying them—to create what Louis Adamic has called "a sort of unity within diversity"—should be our goal.

Miss Sickels of the International Institute and the freemen of St. Paul have shown us one particular means of moving in this direction. It is a way which has the special delight of drama, color, and broad appeal, a way which has been copied in other places and which deserves to be copied in many more.

"Around the World in St. Paul" will serve as a practical handbook for those in immediate charge of such projects. More than that, it will acquaint others with the needs of the culturally isolated foreign-born Americans. It will help remove wicked prejudice. Best of all it will arouse a desire to share in the delights of the folk arts of our neighbor, to learn from him, and really to know him.

How the Sioux Are Doing

WARRIORS WITHOUT WEAPONS. By Gordon Macgregor, with the collaboration of Royal B. Hassick and William E. Henry. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1946. 228 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by EDWIN GRANT BURROWS

SECOND to appear in a series of studies on how American Indians are making out nowadays, this account of the Sioux on Pine Ridge Reservation is a heartening example of how deeply modern techniques can penetrate into the thoughts and feelings of people of a tradition other than ours. It also shows what practical results can be obtained by such investigations. For it not only exposes what is the trouble with these Indians—and there is trouble aplenty; it also suggests what can be done to rescue them. Since the remedy is described as already at work on part of the reservation, perhaps this study cannot be credited with prescribing it. But at least the book exemplifies an excellent way to go about diagnosing such social ills.

The success of the job depended on that collaboration among different specialties which is one of the most active and promising tendencies in the social sciences, the tendency that has just led Harvard University to establish a Department of Social Relations, in which cultural anthropology, social and clinical psychology, and sociology work together on problems that need help from all hands. The collaboration involved in this study was mainly between anthropology and psychology. Dr. Gordon Macgregor, supervisor of the research and senior author of the book, is an anthropologist. He had the advice of two committees whose membership includes some of the best brains in modern anthropology and certain special branches of psychology. In gathering the facts, he was assisted by nineteen trained interviewers, of whom two at least—Imogene B. Dogeagle and Evelyn Whirling Horse—are themselves Sioux; and by thirteen psychologists, who applied to Sioux school-children a whole battery of tests.

A report based on all these facts and figures might have been a dull encyclopedic volume. Happily Macgregor and his assistants have not left the work of analysis to the reader. They have reduced their material to an admirably succinct account. Presumably a good deal of credit for this belongs to another of the impressive staff, Roma K. McNickle, listed as editor.

Even so, the first half of the book, which is concerned mainly with historical background, is pretty solid reading. Yet it makes points without which the behavior of the Sioux of today could not be understood. It brings out, for example, the cardinal virtues of the old life, in which Sioux warriors lived largely to bring in buffalo and enemy scalps. These virtues were bravery, fortitude, generosity, and one named in quotation marks "wisdom" and "moral integrity." This seems to have been what makes people live up to what is expected of them; not far from what we call self-respect. "Endurance" might have been a better name than "fortitude" to distinguish the second virtue from the first, called bravery.

The virtue of generosity leads not only to the "give-away," in which an Indian's property is distributed among the mourners at his funeral. It also leads to behavior otherwise hard to explain. "White people will sit outside an Indian home in bewilderment and utter frustration watching children tear a headlight off a car or drag good harness over the ground in play, while the parents sit by undisturbed. To the whites it seems preposterous that people who are so poor should allow children to damage useful objects that have been earned with great difficulty. This is a part of the lack of concern over property that underlies the Dakota virtue of generosity; it is also a way of teaching children not to set a high value on property."

The historical section also shows how the Sioux could weather the disappearance of the buffalo, and the series of defeats at the hands of the more numerous and better-armed whites, that ended in their being herded on the reservations. The way out was for them to become cowboys, a way of life that suited their interests and abilities very well. But they were encouraged to sell their cattle to take advantage of high prices during World War I; and, after the money was gone, to sell their land. After that, there was no way out. The Sioux became dependents on the government agency for food, work, schools for their children, hospitals for their sick—almost everything that money can buy.

This dependency has been one of their main difficulties. "One who must always receive and never return is put in a position of obligation that makes him feel overpowered. To people who were so meticulous as the Dakota about repaying gifts, the position of ward is especially galling. This relationship to the government has gone on so long that the Indians now cling to it for security and yet resent it because it does not permit them to be fully responsible citizens."

Personal characteristics fostered by this situation make up a pitiful pic-

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ture. "Refusal to participate in life about them, isolation of themselves from all persons and activities about them, great caution, and a general negativism become the major characteristics of the personality configuration of the group as a whole. . . . Life is lived on the defensive." Some of the apathy and occasional irritability of the Sioux is due to the fact that they have not been getting enough to eat. Physical examinations conducted as part of this study brought out evidence of general under-nutrition.

As usual among people who live between two worlds, parents have a hard time keeping their children in line. In the old days, children could be kept from straying too near the creek by fear of Wiwili, a mysterious being who haunted the water and caught children who came within reach. But when his mother tried that on young Charlie Charging Bull, he told her "Mommer, that's your imagination. You ain't got no sense."

Men, formerly lords of creation among the Sioux, had farther to fall when the props were knocked out from under them. Even their own children have little respect for them now. Brought up to be aggressive, but without the old outlets for aggression, some of them have been inclined to turn it against the women of their own people. So we now find adolescent girls and young women living in fear of the men, and with some reason.

The gloom of the present is lightened by a glimpse of prospects for the future. At the end of the book a way out is suggested that is entirely convincing for anyone who has followed the argument that far. It is based mainly on restoration of a cattle economy and establishment of community councils for local self-government. In one community something of the sort is already under way, and seems to work admirably.

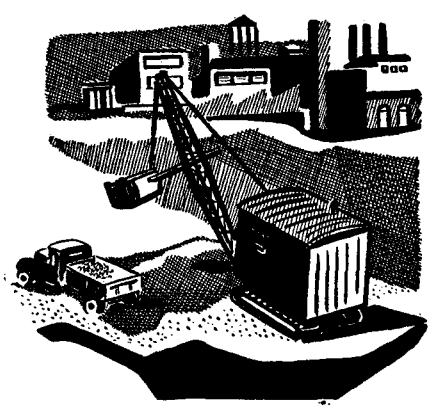
The same methods of study applied to the pueblo-dwelling Hopi brought out quite a different picture, described in "The Hopi Way" by Laura Thompson and Alice Joseph, first volume of this series. The forthcoming studies of the Navajo and other tribes may well be equally different. At any rate, the whole series promises to be a model of research. John Collier, who as Commissioner of Indian Affairs took a leading part in setting up these studies, is no longer in charge of the Indian Service. Whatever else the change of administration may bring, it is to be hoped that it will not mean the abandonment of this excellent way to redeem our notoriously poor record in dealing with the first comers to this country.

Need a Place to Live?

BREAKING THE BUILDING BLOCKADE. By Robert Lasch. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1946. 309 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ELY JACQUES KAHN

THE American public is thoroughly aware of recent action by the Government to expedite housing for veterans, and quite a few individuals are startled to find Wilson Wyatt given enormous power to restrict normal building so as to channel labor and materials into homes for those who have returned from the war. What does puzzle many is just how many veterans can afford the house available under today's costs, even with government help, and



whether the veteran really wants to own a house anyway. Are we to have haphazard jerry-building of another variety under the dubious label of "Homes for Veterans," and further, do we understand actually what housing is or could be?

Robert Lasch has written a good book, one that is particularly opportune today. His work, fortunately, is not cluttered up with charts and technical detail that the average reader would skim over. Lasch presents, in forceful language, a thoughtful analysis of housing as it affects the country as a whole. He notes, to begin with, that the depression years produced a very small number of home units; many buildings disintegrated to a point where they are beyond redemption, and there exist slum areas in every community that become worse as the years roll on.

It is easy to be cynical about the acres of low grade neighborhoods and assume that they are the natural results of urban growth. As Mr. Lasch states, it is as absurd to blame cities for slums as to imagine that some stroke of genius will eliminate them. They are simply the result of speculative building, unrestrained, and concerned only with a profit motive. As they lower in standard, the poor are forced into them for the obvious reason that there is no other place for them to go.

Lasch depicts the stupidity of a system that gives no consideration whatsoever to the rights of human beings to be housed decently. Values of land are inflated as real estate and banking interests control the destinies of countless people who have no alternative but to crowd into ill-smelling, dark, unsanitary quarters that scrape by the actual minima of legality. He discusses the absurdities, for example, of Chicago, where the beautiful Lake Shore Drive was completed with slum areas within a stone's throw of its magnificence. This is not intelligent planning, nor particularly complimentary to the men, who, it is recalled, in speaking of their work in promoting this improvement said: "Make no small plans!" In the light of actual conditions, they are small indeed.

If for no other objective but the understanding of what slums do mean to a city, this book should be given a broad circulation. Whether it can accomplish any result depends precisely on the desire of men and women to grasp the importance of the disease in the very core of their living. Here is a book that is not a tiresome catalogue of facts but an earnest appeal to the intelligence, and possibly to the desire to improve conditions.

In all of the books on housing recently published are the same passionate requests for the public to look about them, realize the urgent demand for a new conception of housing, and do something about it. Lasch's comes high on the list of books that could be read with profit by individuals who have no technical or special interest. The pity of it is that it will strengthen that small group that is already thoroughly aware of the facts and will not reach the millions who are desperately anxious to know, for humane or purely practical reasons.

The vital importance of the entire subject needs translation into the movies, or any vehicle that can reach the masses of the people. We simply must find some way to cajole, induce, or force the public to see the facts. Housing is far beyond the interests of those who design, build, or finance; the future of the country is inextricably bound with the standards of living of its inhabitants.

Lasch brings out clearly the factors of construction costs, labor problems, financing, the relationship of

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public and private building, and, in considerable detail, what real city planning represents. Housing is not the problem of the single house, its plan, its style, or its cost. Housing covers the broad question of shelter, utilities, services, recreation, educational, religious, and social elements that combine to create communities. When the individual goes too far in isolating himself, or exceeds the privileges permitted by law, he learns quickly enough to behave. By the same token, we are beyond the day when one can ignore his relationships to his neighbors, white and black, rich and poor. The world is slowly learning that the final strength of a country rests on the health of its people. Healthy people live decently, work under proper auspices, and can

demand of their representatives in government the same attention to healthy shelter that is given to other major interests of the people.

It might be noted that the title of the book is unfortunate. Too many will misinterpret the heading and ignore the substance. That, however, is the publisher's responsibility.

An Economic Lochinvar

ECONOMIC FREEDOM FOR THE WEST. By Wendell Berge. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press. 1946. 168 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HERBERT HARRIS

MR. WENDELL BERGE, Assistant Attorney General in the Department of Justice, and head of its Anti-Trust Division, is an official St. George who consistently contrives to vex—if not to slay—the dragon of monopoly. In the present volume he continues this crusade, but in a context at once very new and significant. A populist by temperament and training, Mr. Berge affirms that the American West has become the "proving-ground of free enterprise." He is afraid, however, that during the next decade its economic development will be thwarted by Eastern interests that would rather keep it in a condition of economic servitude than let it use its war-born facilities to issue a declaration of economic independence from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh, chief centers of control over our banking, manufacture, and transportation. He points out that World War II for the first time brought large-scale industrial capacity to the West; that while other areas developed titanic war industries, they were superimposed upon a plant already tremendous.

Of course, to the effete Easterner, the city of Chicago is "West." But to Mr. Berge, a native Nebraskan, the West properly comprises the fifteen states of Washington, Oregon, California, Nevada, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, the Dakotas, Nebraska, and Kansas. Altogether this West is among the globe's richest areas. It has everything from oil and copper and tungsten to oranges and lemons and filberts, to stands of fir and pine, to great rivers, notably the Missouri, with vast hydro-electric possibilities. Even the "badlands" of the West yield borax. Above all, its people have the daring and the self-reliance inherent in a frontier psychology that is still part of the air they breathe, blending tradition with challenge.

To this territory of three million square miles, to its population of seventeen million, went 29 billion dollars in war contracts—an industrial revolution in itself. For the buildings constructed or enlarged, the tools and machines installed, the inventions applied and improved, the labor trained to turn out this 29 billion dollars' worth of ships and planes and guns and shells and countless other items represent a crucial addition to America's prosperity potential. But Mr. Berge is concerned —and very understandably concerned —lest this potential be strangulated by the "artificial and unnatural impediments of monopoly," which he describes as a "system of private government." He adds that "the monopolist wants an ordered and secure market. He wants to be protected against the competition of new processes and new enterprises. He wants to regulate production and distribution, not in accordance with the priorities of war, but rather on the basis of privilege and preference. . . . It is for this reason that the threat of private monopoly is today the major obstacle to the successful functioning of a free economy."

For example, the Government, to expand aluminum output for war purposes, put 200 million dollars into aluminum plants in the West. But if a single major company is permitted to maintain a virtual monopoly over the supply of aluminum in this country and decides not to use these plants, their equipment will rust. That much productive power will have been wasted. But Mr. Berge very much wants it—and all it symbolizes —to be used. He believes that only if we set to work on all resources, human and material, can the free enterprise system be made to function well enough to last our lifetime, and beyond. He particularly wants the West to stop being a colony of the East's corporate imperialism and to produce its own aluminum, its own steel, its own nitrogen, its own plastics. He contends—and he is very convincing about it—that the very health of the American economy depends upon keeping open the channels of competitive opportunity, locally and regionally. It is not, he declares, a question of building up one section of the country at the expense of another, but rather a question of building up the entire country toward new heights of productivity. Here Mr. Berge's trustbusting faith is directly linked with his hope for the West's industrial growth. He insists indeed "that if the West is denied the chance to develop its resources, or if the South is not permitted to utilize new-found capabilities, then the East would also suffer. Our economy could not then look forward to expansion but would once more risk contraction and depression." Mr. Berge is sure that by constantly trying to remove monopoly restrictions we can keep careers open to talent, and business open to new ideas and new techniques. Necessarily, in pushing toward that objective, anti-trust suits become shock battalions to be hurled against the Siegfried line of cartelism, national and international.

While one can have complete sympathy with Mr. Berge's aims, one has to question whether or not he can attain them or even approximate them. He makes two assumptions which are distinctly debatable. The first is that the government, by virtue of anti-trust prosecutions, can enforce competition in the face of big business's determination to peg its own prices, to engross patents and processes, and to extinguish rivalry as soon as it rears its ugly parvenu head. The second is whether or not the trends debasing the free enterprise system into private collectivism can be reversed to prevent the onset of public collectivism, in one form or another. At times, indeed, Mr. Berge—like Calhoun—seems to be fighting brilliantly, and even a little desperately, for a cause already lost.

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He Didn't Like Napoleon

SECRETARY OF EUROPE. The Life of Friedrich Gentz, Enemy of Napoleon. By Golo Mann. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1946. xvi + 323 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

HERE is the biography of a man born and bred a German (though of partly Huguenot ancestry) whose political sense so outshone that of most others in Europe's public life in the Napoleonic era as to lift him from provincial obscurity to an entirely unique position in international affairs. The name of Friedrich Gentz has fallen into oblivion; Dr. Mann has done well to devote what must have been the labor of years to retracing the course of his life. The result is a volume that will fascinate its readers, in addition to all others reasons, because of the striking historical parallel to our own times which its author uncovers.

A disciple of Rousseau's theories, an erstwhile student of Kant in Königsberg, Friedrich Gentz had hailed the French Revolution as the "funeral of despotism." It was, so we learn, Burke's "Reflections" which led him into his lifelong abhorrence of revolutionary France and his lasting infatuation with all things British. Gentz translated Burke's book. He was a man of thirty-five when, in 1799, he quit his petty civil service job and founded in Berlin a politico-historical monthly of which he alone supplied the entire contents.

Given to the amenities of life, he soon ran into financial troubles. In 1800 he for the first time accepted money from the English government. Gentz's contemporary critics as well as the few historians who mention his name have without exception, laid much stress on his "venality." Dr. Mann does not whitewash his hero, and even contributes a great many picturesque details to the story of Gentz's budget dealings and his eternal pecuniary worries. But he insists that Gentz never wrote a line he did not want to write. His own country, Prussia, would have had no adequate place for a political writer even if he had conformed to her policy of appeasement. As he did not, his departure from Berlin was but a matter of time.

On a visit to London, he was shown more than usual graciousness. Rapidly rising to celebrity, he became a "statesman without a country." Following a call from the Austrian court—his position as a court counselor there was never to prevent him from taking gifts from England, from the Bourbons, from an exotic Balkan prince or the Rothschilds—he grew to be "Warmonger Number One" in Vienna.

These were the years when Europe was willing to pay any price for peace. About a hundred and twenty-five years before Munich, Prussia's, and later Russia's, appeasement policies were not merely dictated by the wish to be left alone, but were aimed at keeping in power the man who had stifled the Revolution. There were times when Gentz himself almost dreaded Napoleon's impending downfall and the political vacuum that would follow his collapse. He knew that in history there is no such thing as a status quo. Amidst all the clatter and chatter of the anti-Napoleonic fight, his prescience discerned the birthpangs of nationalism and its dangers. In the cry for national freedom the "reactionary" recognized the germ of radicalism far better than two generations of "liberals" were to do. Friederich Gentz loathed ideological fixations in politics.

Naturally, a man of such foresight was forced to drain to the dregs the cup of public dispraise, of disillusionment and exile. But great as his sufferings were—the sufferings, to be sure, of an eighteenth-century hedonist—his hour of triumph came. In 1814 the victorious powers made him the secretary of the Congress of Vienna.

His moderation there surprised friend and foe alike. Gentz had learned to compromise. But who, at that junction, was a friend, who a foe? The dissensions of the allies and their strife for balance of power have a familiar ring to our ears. Once Gentz had disliked his native Prussia for her weakness; now he hated her for her growing strength and rapacity.

Just as to us the legend of "Napoleon, the martyr to modern ideals," has faded under the impact of our own experience of tyranny, so to Gentz the legend that grew up around the liberation from Bonaparte's yoke grew pallid through the liberators themselves—the notorious "Germanomanias" of the 1820's, the spiritual ancestors of Nazism. History, indeed, repeats itself even if in a sense very remote from notions held by the general public.

As to Friedrich Gentz, there was, of course, no room in post-Napoleonic "idealism" for so "pragmatical" a thinker as himself. The nationalistic German professors and students who built their popular legend saw in him not the man who had never despaired of victory, but merely the wily statesman who kept them from picking what they considered its fruit. His diplomatic influence in the Europe of the Holy Alliance was great indeed, and it remained so up to his death in 1832.

Mr. Mann's biography is not a systematic history of Gentz's age. But unorthodox though it may be in its approach, it offers an absorbing interpretation of that epoch, and is at the same time an illuminating who's who of its kings and princes, its generals and statesmen, its writers, charlatans, and idlers, and some of its brilliant and many of its pretty women.

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A Great Soldier Reminisces

GENERAL GEORGE CROOK. HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Edited and Annotated by Martin F. Schmitt. Norman, Okla.: University of Oklahoma Press. 1946. 309 *pp.* $3.

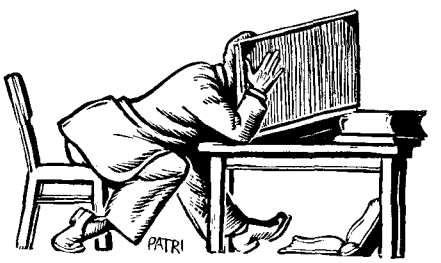
Reviewed by
LT. COL. FAIRFAX DOWNEY, F.A., O. R.C.

FOR almost fifty years General Crook's autobiography was regarded by family and friends as top secret. One cannot blame them after reading the General's strictures on some of his fellow-officers, whom he called everything from drunkards to worthless incompetents, naming names and stating cases. Finally a former aide gave the document to the Army War College Library, Washington, where a bright young sergeant, Martin F. Schmitt, chanced upon it. Schmitt's classification of limited service and his qualification —he is a graduate of the University of Illinois Library School—had given him his library detail. "In addition to his other duties," as the Army puts it, or on his own, Sergeant Schmitt edited, annotated, and put the autobiography into print. Thereby he aided and abetted history. Clio should pin on him a good conduct medal, with bay and yew leaves.

The Sergeant's literary salute to the General deserved to be rendered. "Crook," wrote this reviewer in his "Indian-Fighting Army" (*SRL* Dec. 13, 1941), "must be rated one of the finest soldiers who ever served in the Army of the United States, though his renown has been eclipsed by that of less able men. General Sherman would come to praise him as the greatest Indian fighter and manager in the Army, for he possessed not only military talents of high order but the attributes of a first rate colonial administrator." And a postscript today could fairly compare General Crook's campaigns against the Apaches in the '70's and '80's and his resettlement of the conquered Indians to General MacArthur's brilliant accomplishments in the Philippines and Japan.

The autobiography covers only the period from Crook's graduation from West Point in 1852 to June 18, 1876, the day after the Battle of the Rosebud, where the Cheyennes and Crook fought a draw. (Eight days later Custer and a squadron of his Seventh Cavalry were wiped out by the Sioux and Cheyennes at the Little Big Horn.) Crook's earlier and later years are sketched in by Sergeant Schmitt from the General's diaries and letters and other contemporary sources, including considerable new material.

Of most interest are Crook's Indian fights in California and the Northwest in the '50's. Some of his exploits, though modestly related, are dime novel copy. Cool in action, a dead shot, considerate of his men, Crook was the best type of young officer. He learned the language of tribes



in his area. The frontier shavetail foreshadowed the calibre of the future major general. In the Civil War, Crook rose to command of a cavalry corps, serving ably and efficiently, highly esteemed by Grant. Thereafter he campaigned against most of the Indian tribes of the Southwest and West. Notable was his wise and humane treatment of the beaten Apaches; he fought as stoutly for them against the grafting politicians of the Indian Ring as he had to vanquish them.

Although this book contains passages that make good reading, its chief value remains its presentation of source material hitherto not readily available. No clear picture of Crook or his career emerges. Being an autobiography, it is only partly revelatory; as Clarence Day said, most men wear masks. Sergeant Schmitt's footnotes, illuminating though they often are, and his additions and appendices fail to redeem a blurred impression. The man called "Gray Fox" by the Apaches and by his devoted muleskinners "Granddaddy of the Pack-Mules" is far more vivid in John G. Bourke's "On the Border with Crook."

Much to be desired—and perhaps Sergeant Schmitt will undertake it —is a biography of Crook. The man and his times merit it, and the material is rich: Bourke, Charles King, War Correspondent John Finerty, and Schmitt's own excellent research.

Frederic Remington's sketch of the bushy-bearded, canvas-suited Crook might well have been included among the illustrations. Libby Upton's decorative end-page map is useful.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

GIFTS IN LITERATURE

Gifts that were given or received by literary characters are described in this week's quiz. Can you name the characters concerned as well as the stories in which they appear? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 21.

1. After this man had stolen six silver plates from a benevolent bishop and had been captured and brought back, the bishop declared that they had been a gift and added to them a pair of silver candlesticks.
2. Upon their engagement she gave him a ring which he swore he would die before parting with, but he gave it away to the first person who asked for it.
3. She sold her beautiful long hair to buy her husband a watch fob, while he sold his watch to buy her a set of combs.
4. During his convalescence this invalid received ten thousand cockroaches, an octopus, four penguins, and an Egyptian mummy case.
5. Traveling with the Three Wise Men, he carried a sapphire, a ruby, and a pearl, which he intended as gifts for the Christ-child, but he parted from his fellow philosophers and gave the jewels to the needy instead.
6. The gift of a vacuum cleaner, even though there was no electricity to run it, elevated this woman to the peak of the social scale in her community.
7. In an effort to patch up a quarrel with his new girl friend, this boy proffered his most prized possession, a brass knob from the top of an andiron.
8. When this child was born, his neighbors gave him a silver tobacco box, a navy revolver, a diamond breast pin, a diamond ring, a sling shot, a Bible, a golden spur, a silver teaspoon, and a pair of surgeon's shears.
9. For Christmas this little girl received from her aunt a tiny match box containing ten pennies, each one covered with gilt paint.
10. Presented with the traditional copy of Johnson's Dictionary upon her departure from an academy for young ladies, this sweet girl graduate tossed it out the carriage window as she was driven away.

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Genius with One Eye

OS LUSIADAS. By Luis De Camoes. Edited with Introduction and Notes by J. D. M. Ford. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1946. 310 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THIS noble edition of the noble Portuguese epic in the original is the crowning work of one of the greatest of Romance language scholars. Professor Ford, who has already edited Sir Richard Fanshawe's fine seventeenth-century translation of the poem, must feel that he has done good service to literature and to mankind. And what more can a learned man desire? No doubt there will be the usual fleering from the testy race of critics. Slips are inevitable and will be pointed out with pleasure by persons who do not expose themselves by undertaking the enormously difficult. Judgments and tastes differ, and there may be matter for controversy. But this book sets a splendid capstone on a fine career.

"I will not go so far as to defend Camoes," said Hazlitt rather turgidly —I forget against what, nor does it greatly matter. The Portuguese poet has no particular need of assistance from that quarter or any other. Changes in taste and opinion leave Camoes untouched. And after nearly four centuries men absorbed in the fashion or doctrine of their own time return to him with an enthusiasm not unlike the passion we feel when we are recaptured by "the Homeric largeness and simplicity." Even Voltaire could see that darkly through the glass of translation. Though we rail against "Old One-Eye's" classical machinery or yawn over his catalogue of viceroys, nevertheless we turn back to Adamastor at the Cape, to Vasco da Gama's landfall at Calicut, to the episode of Ignez de Castro, to the similes of the bull, of the leech, of the lion of Ceuta, and finally to the nobility of spirit, intrinsic in the poem everywhere, even in those places where, like every epic poet, Camoes on occasion nods.

Professor Ford's account of him is brief and good. The cynical paradox, now dwindled to a platitude, that the less is known about a great man the more is written, does not apply. The facts about Camoes are not numerous, the legends are many, and the speculations beyond count. The date of his birth is uncertain, though he was probably born at Lisbon in 1524. His family was noble but poor. He attended the University of Coimbra, where he became a first-rate Latinist, but no one can be sure that he learned Greek. It is supposed that later he had a romantic affair with a lady-in-waiting at the Court of Lisbon and that poverty prevented marriage. But it has also been thought that the hot water he got into at the time suggests a too ambitious passion for a princess and not for a mere lady-in-waiting. Anyhow, he was exiled in 1546 and went as a private soldier to Morocco, where he lost an eye. He appears to have "written great poetry as a habit" at all times and very likely kept up the practice during his banishment. He was permitted to return, but in 1552 he stabbed a dignitary in a brawl. This time he was exiled in a big way, for he was released from prison on condition that he depart to India. In the Orient he went on various expeditions and held at least one good job at Macao, where the grotto of Camoes, which legend connects with literary labor, is still shown to the tourist. He was shipwrecked off the mouth of the Mekong and swam ashore with the manuscript of his epic, a circumstance he celebrates in the poem. On several occasions he was imprisoned, and, when finally released and sent home, had great trouble on the way from lack of money, apparently spending two practically penniless years in Mozambique. He was charitably extricated at last and got back to Lisbon for good in 1570.

Two years later his epic was in print. It made a European sensation. But all that Camoes got from it, outside of some compliments that any one would like, was a niggardly pension from Sebastion, the most unfortunate of Portuguese kings, whom he had splendidly invoked in the poem. The death of Sebastion in 1578 in the crashing, catastrophe of Alcazar beyond doubt destroyed every hope of Camoes, whether for his country or himself, a circumstance which, it has been observed, is the grimmest of footnotes to every line of "The Lusiads." And he died two years later in 1580, probably not in quite such abject poverty as legend invariably provides for genius if possible. Ironically enough, two Spanish translations of the epic were published that very year. This is just about all that is actually known, or is reasonably susceptible of proof, about a poet who has charmed all manner of men, and whom Professor Ford, with complete justice, calls "a redoubtable rival of his master," who was Virgil, no less.

The point has been made by several competent critics that "The Lusiads" is a new departure in epic poetry because its hero is not a man but a nation. And it may be added that no nation was ever more splendidly or intelligently celebrated. The observation is true, but another highly original characteristic of the poem seems to the writer even more important. For who before Camoes, the most intensely patriotic of poets, was so possessed by what the French call *exotisme*? Strange lands, strange laws, strange customs, the beliefs, the very clothing, of still stranger men fascinate him as such matters attract or interest few of his predecessors. And he paints everything with meticulous exactness — the holy threads on the Brahmin's bosom, the many-colored birds levying tribute on the green nutmegs in the Banda Isles, the Borneo trees dripping camphor, Malacca's market "in the womb of morning," the Zamorin of Calicut chewing his betel, the Malay with his poisoned darts ("well-known to me"), Hindu castes, and a thousand other details of the unfamiliar.

Even if he had but one eye, Camoes saw such matters in an entirely new way, not at all like his forerunners who looked on far countries as being very similar to what they knew already, always excepting inconvenient practical differences. For Camoes there is romantic excitement about the new worlds he knows or divines. Everything is different, enigmatic, a challenge to curiosity, and it's all gospel truth too. Fanshawe, his first English translator, as quoted elsewhere by Professor Ford, noticed that. In a sense Camoes is the beginning of a new attitude, the first to be aware of the fierce attraction of bizarre, terrible, exciting, or incomprehensible qualities in the distant and unknown. Not that his sympathies were perfect. He hated Moslem and idolator with impartial thoroughness. But the world for him was no longer fixed. Expanding magnificiently, as it seemed to him, for the greater glory of Portugal, it had taken on the eerie and charming.

Apropos of Milton, whom Shakespeare doubtless never did pat on the head, an odd probability may be suggested. The writer, who has spent a good deal of time on a new English version of "The Lusiads," began a year or so ago to entertain suspicions that Milton had helped himself freely

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from the hoard of Camoes, as was his wont with the classics and Ariosto. He subsequently discovered that others had been before him in this connection, among them Quillinan some ninety years ago. The evidence is for the most part circumstantial, but there is a lot of it—for one thing place names, as for instance the line "Momzaba, and Quiloa, and Melind" (Paradise Lost, XI, 399), all three ports of much interest to Vasco da Gama. Quillinan, *teste* Juromenha, was so convinced that he actually used two famous lines from "Lycidas" to translate a couple of "The Lusiads" from which he was sure they had been lifted, just as Rose employed a thundering pentameter from "Paradise Lost" to translate a verse of Ariosto's, from which it certainly had been derived. Many passages could be adduced to suggest, if not to prove, that Milton had been guilty of intelligent trespass, though most of them could be explained on the ground that great minds, like little ones, think alike. But what seems to make Quillinan's notion most probable is the following set of circumstances, hitherto, I believe, unnoticed. Milton and Fanshawe were born the same year. They were both Cambridge men, though of different colleges. Fanshawe was in residence during two of Milton's seven years. They can hardly have escaped meeting or at least hearing of each other. Fanshawe's translation of "The Lusiads" appeared in 1655, and "Paradise Lost" was seen complete in manuscript by Elwood, the Quaker, ten years later. Though it is no more than a guess, it looks like a pretty fair one that the greatest English epic poet (who incidentally defended such practices) took his good where he found it, like his contemporary Molière and, one may add, like every other reasonable man. It has, of course, been argued that Milton had read the original. Juromenha points out that any one who loved Tasso would be attracted to Camoes. Two contemporaries bear witness that Milton knew Spanish, and Portuguese would have presented no difficulty to the most learned of all poets. Either hypothesis leads to the not unpleasant conclusion that Milton thought Camoes "quite good enough to steal from." What finer compliment could be imagined? Parenthetically, it may be subjoined that Professor Bowra in his engaging essay simply takes it for granted.

As far as modern taste goes (whatever Milton's might be), Camoes has plenty of defects, but what of it? Modern taste is only modern so long. The divine energy, the chivalrous nature, the imagination, rampant but always feeding on reality, the wit, the exaltation of mind, and the mighty line will last for ever and explain well enough why Camoes has captured so many and such various enthusiasts in the palace corridors of Ferrara, in the forecastles of American frigates, by camp fires in East Africa or Arabia, and under the lamp at Grasmere. To have engaged the fancy of Tasso and Wordsworth, of Melville and Sir Richard Burton, to have revealed the India, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Golden Chersonese of this world and of the spirit, to have fixed a great language for two great nations, and to be a source of uncontaminated pleasure for whosoever masters their beautiful tongue —what more could poet hope? Nor is there much that shall "outlive this powerful rhyme, the living record of his memory," who could get the whole Atlantic into the two miraculously intranslatable verses:

Desfez-se a nuvem negra, e c'um sonoro.
Bramido muito longe o mar soou.

Homer knew that long sonorous roar of the sea booming under the disintegrating black squall.

Camões on the Cosmos

(The Lusiads, Book X)

81

THIS orb, which, circling, doth the rest enclose,
Containing in itself all other light,
And such a clear transplendent radiance throws,
It blinds the poor intelligence and sight,
Is the Empyréan, where pure souls repose,
Rejoicing in the Goodness Infinite,
Which its own mystery comprehends alone,
Nor upon Earth is its resemblance known.

* * *

87

Lo! the next sphere that doth enamelled go,
With shining points of radiant light far-beaming,
Which, nonetheless, keep their strict course alsó,
Turning for ever on their axles gleaming.
See how it vested is and fair doth show
With its great belt of gold, where the star-streaming
Vast beasts are figured forth. Those effigies
Are the sun's limitary palaces.

88

Otherwhere look upon the portraiture
The shining stars have painted overhead.
Yonder is the Wain. Behold the Cynosure,
Andromeda and her Sire, the Dragon dread.
Consider Cassiopéa's beauty pure,
Orion's face with turbulent wrath o'erspread.
And see the Swan that doth in death suspire,
The Hare, the Dogs, the Ship, and the sweet Lyre.

89

And underneath this spacious firmament
The Heaven of Saturn, that old god, you see.
Near circles Jove. Below armipotent
Mars hath his seat, the common enemy.
And fourth, the eye of Heaven magnificent,
Comes Venus leading the loves' company.
And Mercury sweet-spoken hath his place
Beyond Diana of the three-fold face.

90

Each of these orbs sweeps through a different gyre,
As may be seen, for one is swift, one slow.
From the center now they distantly retire,
Again from Earth but a brief journey go,
Even as God Almighty may desire,
Who fashioned fire and air and wind and snow
Which, you will see, still farther inward stand
And for their center have the sea and land.

Translated by LEONARD BACON.

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TRADE Winds

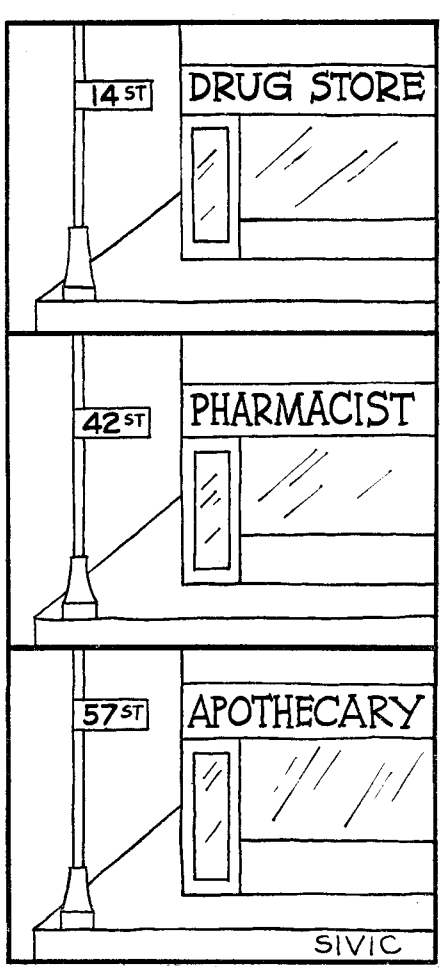
THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE

From Harry S. Ashmore, Associate Editor of the *Charlotte* (N.C.) *News:*

> Remembering that you have taken your brethren to task frequently, in *SRL* and elsewhere, I thought you might be interested in this editorial reaction to the current crop of bedroom literature. It may be that we, who operate outside the rarefied atmosphere of the publishing world, are a little more sensitive to the threat of censorship. No editor in the Bible Belt, where hot-eyed Baptists, Presbyterians, and Methodists are eternally at our heels, can forget that the boom is poised and ready to drop. For years we have managed to beat the Godly back—there is no censorship of books, movies, radio, or press in North Carolina—but volumes like "Manatee," "Amber," "Hotspur," etc., for which there is no literary defense, leave us far out on the limb. The publishers who are interested only in the fast dollar are asking for trouble, and there's plenty of it available.

Here is the editorial to which Mr. Ashmore refers:

> American book publishers have long enjoyed a freedom of expression unique even in a country that prides itself on its free press. They have been granted immunity to the unwritten rules of good taste that prevail in newspaper and magazine offices, and then boldly print those familiar four-letter words that, so far as more conventional publishers are concerned, are confined to the spoken language.
>
> Aside from an occasional skirmish with the Board of Censorship in Boston, and a rap on the knuckles from the Legion of Decency, the book publishers haven't run into any serious censor trouble in years. They have, indeed, been defended vigorously by their colleagues in the publishing business who are most prudish in their own operations. Some of the most conservative newspapers in the land have broken a lance in support of literary realism; with the possible exception of "Lady Chatterly's Lover," we can think of no major literary work that has suffered serious expurgation in the past three decades.
>
> But freedom of expression is a privilege, and like most privileges it carries with it definite responsibilities. Serious writers have, and do, recognize them. Joyce, setting out to follow a stream of consciousness, may cross the fixed lines of good taste, but his excursions are incidental to his major purpose, and those who seek pornography in his work are required to wade through endless passages that must be, to them, exceedingly dull. Joyce, of course, is the celebrated example, but writers of less stature achieve the same result; Sinclair Lewis, examining the career of an unfaithful wife in "Cass Timberlane" and consciously attempting to write a best-seller, offers little reward for the salacious, for it is his nature to salt his more lurid passages with satire.
>
> But if the serious writers still meet their responsibility it appears that the publishers have forgotten it. We have at hand a communique from Sheridan House announcing the fifth large printing of Errol Flynn's "Showdown" and the sale of the English, Australian, Swedish, and Norwegian rights. Mr. Flynn has hardly earned recognition as an artist through his movie roles; he certainly has no standing as a literary man since this is his first product, and a poor one. But there are certain gamy passages in "Showdown," and Mr. Flynn himself is noted for his own amorous exploits, and these are the attributes that are being exploited successfully in his book's promotion. Other examples of irresponsibility are all too available—a book called "The Manatee," the notorious "Forever Amber," an item called "Dutchess Hotspur" which embodies passages so lurid they unintentionally achieve burlesque.
>
> The line between literature and pornography is difficult to define, but we have an idea the book publishers had better set themselves to the task, and soon. There may be good money in some of the strange products they're bringing out these days, but there is also good money in French postcards if you care to conduct your business in an alley. They are asking for censorship, formal and legal, or the "voluntary" variation that has strangled the heart and soul of radio and the movies, and they are cutting the defensive ground from beneath their own feet, and the feet of the newspaper and magazine editors who are their traditional allies. Let them remember, before it is too late, that the judge who refused to ban "Ulysses" did so because the work itself demonstrated that Joyce was trying to do something more than sell his novel. Suppose that trial were repeated today, with 'The Manatee" as its subject. The prosecution could explode the literary defense by simply introducing the publisher's newspaper advertisements and calling Russell Birdwell, the press agent retained to promote the book, as a witness.
>
> The publishers are gambling with more than money. A mass of great literature, just now beginning to appear in America, is the stake. . . .



From James Aswell, of Natchitoches, La.:

> Your story of the man who destroyed a signature of Button Gwinnett recalls a parallel and equally excruciating experience of my own. In 1918 I was twelve and an obsessed philatelist. The government brought out a 24-cent airmail stamp, red with a blue center. The fact that one sheet of these beauties with the center inverted and the biplane flying upside down got across the counter to a sharp-eyed collector, to his $50,000 (or maybe it was $10,000) profit was a conceivable sensation in our hermetic world. And along about then my birthday came around and my father presented me at dinner one night with a mint sheet, appropriately sheathed in cellophane, of the stamps. I was delighted—until he let the bombshell fall. He had got the stamps, to insure perfection, from an assistant Postmaster General or something and he said: "You know what that scoundrel tried to do? He tried to palm off on me a defective sheet with the centers upside down. You can bet I made him replace it and gave him hell."
>
> It was years before I discovered that my roguish parent had noted a small news item about the fabulously valuable error and had made the story up especially for the presentation. It was a wow. . . .

From Manuel Seff, high-voltage scripter at MGM:

> Your reminiscences of the Starr Faithful case and John O'Hara's "Butterfield 8" bring up an old debt you owe me, to wit: one bottle excellent Scotch, two bottles fair bourbon, six Perriers, $7 for a long-distance phone call, $5.50 for cleaning a rug, one first edition of Hune-

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"I just couldn't resist it!"

ker's "Painted Veils," and a cigarette lighter.

Unwrinkle your busy brow while I explain. At the time Miss Faithful's lovely body was found, I resided at 45 Fifth Avenue. The following day, when I arrived at home, there were a dozen reporters, male and female, waiting in the lobby of my apartment house. As Alfred E. Smith lived on the top floor, I assumed they had come to interview the Governor. They followed me up the stairs to my second-floor, two-room suite, came right into the living room and proceeded to make themselves what is curiously known as at home. Without any ado, or very little ado anyhow, they consumed said liquids, spilling a great deal on said rug. A sweet young thing representing the *Boston Herald* got her office on long distance and carried on a lengthy, gooey conversation with the city desk. Something about seeing her darling Johnny the next day and would darling Johnny just be a patient lamb, as she was breaking the Starr Faithful case. Seven bucks' worth. The book and cigarette lighter vanished with the fourth estaters.

Hang on one more minute and all will be clarified. The boys and girls fired questions at me, while a bored photographer named Benny took my picture from every angle. When did I last see Miss Faithful? Where did I take her after the orgy? Did she fall off the boat or was she pushed?

To make a long story even longer, it was eventually revealed that Seff and Cerf sound alike over the telephone; that an *Evening Journal* Hildy Johnson got the tip while playing poker with the other news hounds, and the entire game (nine players and three kibitzers) descended upon my humble abode.

Make your check payable to the Fund for Indigent Screen Writers Who Didn't Have Boy Marry Girl in Last Reel. And the next time you give a party for Miriam Hopkins, kindly keep my name out of it. . . .

THE MAIL in answer to H. L. Mencken's inquiry concerning the etymology of the verb "to goose" has been voluminous—also largely unprintable. Consensus is that the explanation may be found in Rabelais—Chapter XIII. Book I. Carroll Carroll, however, suggests that the words originally applied to the way a goose-girl used her staff to nudge her fowl along a road. An anonymous sage thinks it stems from a habit developed by canny housewives on market day: they would pinch the posterior of a goose on the butcher's counter to see how tender and meaty the bird might be. Take it away, Mr. M. . . .

That leaves just about enough room to report Louis Untermeyer's solemn oath that he heard an East Side bookseller recommending "Duchess Hootspuh," Counterpoints' definition of a perfumer as a man "who makes a fortune by sticking his business into other people's noses," and Mildred Myers's note from Bullock's, Los Angeles, about a customer who had read all the reviews and understandably demanded a copy of "The Memoirs of He-Cat County."

BENNETT CERF.

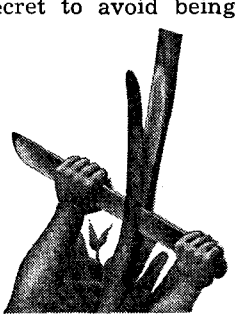
"From where I sit"

A COUPLE of columns back I wrote about Alexander of Macedon. At the age of twenty-two he was struck by a fever, just as he was about to conquer Persia. At the age of thirty-two, the fever recurred, and on the eleventh day of his disease, the violet eyes of Alexander closed for the last time. This was in 323 B. C.

Hippocrates maintained that "all fevers come from the bile," but "Hippocrates' explanations, brilliant as they were, did not check the fevers of Greece." In fact the fall of Greece as the dominant power in the world may have been due in considerable part to this strange fever. And the same goes for the Roman Empire.

I got interested in all this when I read the galleys of **The Fever Bark Tree**, which as its subtitle indicates, is *The Pageant of Quinine*. It was written by MRS. MARIE LOUISE DURAN-REYNALS, who spent three years in research, gathering her data from Spanish, French, and English texts. We are all accustomed these days to receive a little shock when we hear the figures on how many people suffer from various diseases. Well, brace yourself, somewhere around 800,000,000 people in the world are said to suffer from malaria, which means in Italian *bad air*. Having first written the manuscript in her native Spanish, she rewrote it in English, a tongue in which it reads like the pageant the subtitle indicates.

The importance of quinine is not even today recognized as the international problem the author believes it is. And the pageant of quinine is one long history of death, conflict, discovery, and intrigue. Beginning with Alexander, the author traces its fascinating course, each chapter being devoted to a person or an era instrumental in making quinine available as a cure. It was first introduced by a Spanish Viceroy in Peru in 1641 who cured his wife of the fever by a powder which he called the Countess's Powder. When the Jesuits introduced the powder in Europe, a stormy religious controversy arose with much name-calling. An English "quack" doctor cured the aristocracy of two countries during Charles II's reign, but had to keep the powder a secret to avoid being involved in the popish plot. And so it goes. And so I hope you go and buy this book. It's not a dry medical study (though the author is a medical specialist), it's just a terrific true story which reads like an historical novel.



paul

DOUBLEDAY

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Seeing Things

OEDIPUS AND LAURENCE OLIVIER

UNTIL I saw him in "Oedipus,"* I was not certain. His Henry V had almost convinced me. Yet, in spite of its magnificence, it was a single performance. Moreover, it was seen on the screen. And screen performances are hard to judge, at least with accuracy, if for no other reason than in them it is impossible to tell where the editing leaves off and the acting begins.

His virtues had been made clear enough. And exceptional virtues they were. Certainly no one who had watched the Old Vic's repertory, as unfolded here, could doubt that with Ralph Richardson he was one of the company's most compelling attractions. Nor could anyone question either his skill as a comedian or his versatility.

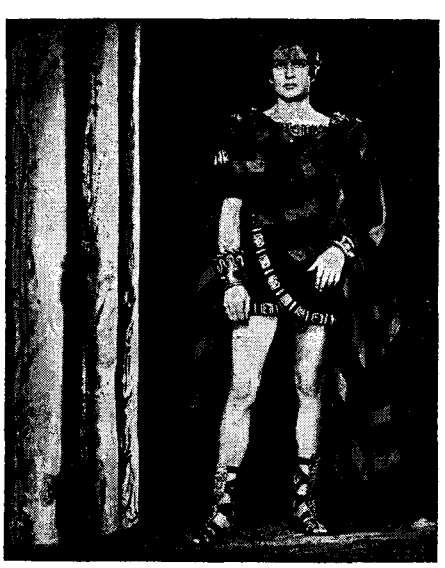
That insouciance of his which was to find its fullest release in "The Critic,"** when Sheridan's japery was staged as an after-piece to "Oedipus," had already manifested itself in his Shallow in the second part of "Henry IV" and his Doctor in "Uncle Vanya." It had quickened his Hotspur, too.

In each new part he had proved he was possessed of those chameleon qualities which actors are supposed to have but which precious few of them can claim. So completely had he taken on the colors of these various, and very different, characters that it had become increasingly difficult to spot the real Laurence Olivier. Yet—and this is what had begun to persuade me even before I was convinced by "Oedipus"—each of Mr. Olivier's new interpretations had been colored by an excellence which I commenced to realize was Mr. Olivier's own. Each was informed by the same acting intelligence, showed the same detailed thoroughness, the same energy in attack, and an almost equal mastery both of the script and of himself.

I realized, along with everyone out front at the Old Vic, that Mr. Olivier was an excellent actor; adroit, personable, and far more than reliable. His past performances in this country, on the stage in "The Green Bay Tree" and on the screen in "Rebecca" and "Wuthering Heights," had prepared me for this, though I sensed—as who could help doing?—that he had ripened wonderfully. Indeed, remembering how unfortunate was his Romeo of six seasons back, I was conscious that he had developed more than any actor I had ever watched over a like period.

I had seen him first (and forgotten him) in 1929 when he had appeared as the young playwright in a soporific melodrama by Frank Vosper, called "Murder on the Second Floor." Again in "Private Lives," when he did nicely enough in a supplementary part Mr. Coward had forgotten to write. And next, after his sensitive performance in "The Green Bay Tree," when he proved too light to play opposite Miss Cornell in "No Time for Comedy."

But I was not prepared for the change in him disclosed by the Old Vic. Where once Mr. Olivier had been a wavy-haired juvenile, however skillful, he had grown into a character actor. He had, moreover, taken the next and most important step. Exceptional as he was as a character actor, his endowments did not stop there. They were not of what, as a rule, proves to be so secondary a nature. He was a straight actor who could lose himself in a character. Or, better still, lose the character in himself. His personality was that all-inclusive.



Laurence Olivier's Oedipus leaves a critic "no other choice" than "that precious, dangerous, final adjective — 'g r e a t'."

His Justice Shallow, for example, was wizened to the point of transparency. He was a dried seedpod of a man; a cobweb walking; an ancient cricket chirping. The only heroic thing about him was that in him a Shakespearean low comic managed to remain comic even to modern audiences. In itself this was no picayune achievement. In contrast to his Shallow, Mr. Olivier's Hotspur was sprung from so different a race that one could have sworn a different actor must have created him. He was splendid in his fire and recklessness; such a stalwart and headstrong figure as would have plucked bright honor from the moon. Yet he was no abstraction. His skillfully suggested stammer, his braggart's walk, and his mocking laugh—all these no less than his strawberry wig kept him individualized.

The Astrov Mr. Olivier revealed to us was again a new creation. Unlike Mr. Richardson's Uncle Vanya, which was a continuation, or rather a diminution, of his Falstaff, Mr. Olivier's Russian doctor had no connection—physically, vocally, or spiritually—with either his Hotspur or his Shallow. His Astrov was a melancholy, intelligent, yet smiling modern. More than any of his fellow actors, Mr. Olivier appeared to have caught the flavor—the sad, autumnal flavor—of the frustrated Russia of pre-revolutionary days. His Doctor bore in spirit no less than in appearance a marked similarity to Chekhov himself. Although perhaps slighter as a characterization than the text invites, his Astrov had the virtue of having been approached and understood from within.

As for Puff in "The Critic," Mr. Olivier was to turn him—a short fifteen minutes after having played Oedipus—into a fellow all energy and unction, laughter and lightness, who scampered and skittered around the stage, blowing the dust off Sheridan's old parody. Like his previous creations, the Puff of Mr. Olivier was not merely a product of a new costume, a new wig, a new make-up, or a nose reshaped by putty until, in this instance, its tip was given the coarseness of an Hogarthian caricature. The difference was deeper. Its origins were interior.

Before "Oedipus" each of Mr. Olivier's single performances with the Old Vic had been admirable. When considered not one by one but as a whole, and in relation to each other,

*OEDIPUS, *Sophocles's tragedy as translated by William Butler Yeats. Presented by the Old Vic Theatre Company of London under the auspices of Theatre Incorporated. Staged by Michel Saint-Denis. Music by Anthony Hopkins. Costumes by Marie-Helene Daste. Scenery by John Piper. With a cast including Laurence Olivier, Harry Andrews, Ralph Richardson, Ena Burrill, Miles Malleson, George Relph, Nicholas Hannen, etc. At the Century Theatre.*

**THE CRITIC, *by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Staged by Miles Malleson. Scenery and Costumes by Tanya Moiseiwitsch. With a cast including Laurence Olivier, George Relph, Margaret Leighton, Peter Copley, Miles Malleson, Michael Warre, Nicholas Hannen, Nicolette Bernard, Joyce Redman, Sydney Tafler, Ralph Richardson, etc. At the Century Theatre.*

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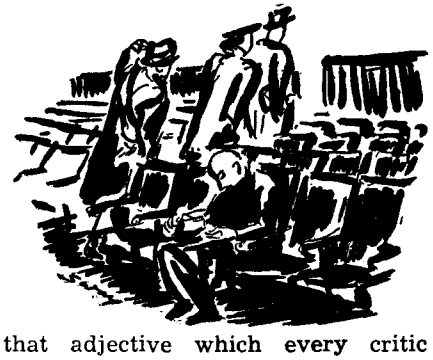
they were more than that. They were astonishing. Yet, by their very nature, they were limited to being proofs of high dexterity.

The "Henry V" movie had, as I say, almost persuaded me Mr. Olivier's talents were of a more sizable and substantial kind. His Henry stood out with the bright, bold colors of the English standard. He combined heat with dignity. He had humor, too, and was of those large dimensions appropriate to the hero-myths. Mr. Olivier removed from Henry the priggishness invited by the very excess of his royal virtues. Of a prince he made a man, even as of a man he made a prince who was an ideal of embattled kingship—an ideal, in this case, brilliantly humanized. In speech, appearance, posture, thought, and feeling, his Henry was a performance of superlative merit. He shone with spiritual splendor, a quality as rare in actors as it is in other human beings.

As I have hinted, such were the excellences of his Henry that I was driven against my will, but not against my judgment, to reach for



that adjective which every critic hates to employ and apply it to Mr. Olivier as an actor. I have in mind that precious, dangerous, final adjective—"great."

No word spills more infrequently or reluctantly than it does from any critical pen. For everyone's sake, for the well-being of the art involved, in the interests of criticism, out of respect for the language, and in defense of standards, "great" is an adjective which ought to be kept buried in the deep freeze. It cannot, it should not, it must not, be squandered lightly unless criticism, which is all too profligate in its enthusiasms, is to become as debased, inflated, and meaningless as the vocabularies of Hollywood's press agents.

But Mr. Olivier's Oedipus, considered along with his Henry and judged in the light of his earlier contributions to the Old Vic, has left me no other choice. I may be right. I may be wrong. I do not know. I can remember only William Hazlitt's sustaining line. "I am not one of those," wrote he in his theatregoing days, "who, when they see the sun break-

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ing from behind a cloud, stop to ask others if it be the moon."

This line gives me the courage to overcome that cowardice—that fear of commitment and that embarrassment in the presence of emotion—which is as much the curse of criticism as are its thoughtless, churlish misappropriations of the dictionary's funds. I can only say that in "Henry V" and "Oedipus" I have seen the sun rise. And I refuse to mistake it for the moon, or salute it as such, when for me it is the sun.

Mr. Olivier's Oedipus is one of those performances in which blood and electricity are somehow mixed. It pulls lightning down from the sky. It is as awesome, dwarfing, and appalling as one of nature's angriest displays. Though thrilling, it never loses its majesty.

His Theban king is godlike in appearance. Although he has Henry's authority, the extrovert has disappeared. The proud figure from the tapestries, the warrior monarch, the dashing symbol of those days when all the youth of England was on fire and silken dalliance in the wardrobe lay, has become a Graeco-Roman statue brought to life; sullen, willful, august, and imperious. There is something of the young Napoleon in him too, but he is a Napoleon pursued by the Furies rather than following the Eagle.

At the outset his is the arrogance of a man who feels himself secure. He can judge others rapidly, because he believes he is himself above judgment. He speaks slowly, with a frightening casualness at first, when addressing the suppliants. His decisions are as swift as his speech is deliberate. He dares to take pauses of uncommon length. Yet the passion of his nature makes itself felt at once; the passion and the violence.

He prepares us completely for the man who, in his maturity, has been condemned by his youthful hotheadedness. Mr. Olivier's Oedipus is, as it should be, the victim of his character. His character is his own evil destiny. His instantaneous surrender to torrid impulses, which we have demonstrated for us in his conversations with Creon and the Old Shepherd, is what has doomed him. It is this selfsame instability which has embroiled him, in an even fierier form, in that fight at the crossroads long ago during which, without meaning to, he had killed his father, King Laius.

Oedipus's gradual comprehension of his guilt, which is scored so inexorably in Sophocles's text, is given its fullest theatrical expression in Mr. Olivier's performance. The evening's suspense is draining and almost unendurable. When the fearful realization at last inundates him, and his Theban king knows beyond doubt that he has murdered his father, married his mother, and had children by her, Mr. Olivier releases two cries which no one who has heard them can hope to forget.

They are the dreadful, hoarse groans of a wounded animal. They well up out of a body that has been clubbed by fate. They are sounds which speak, as no words could, for a soul torn by horror; for a mind numbed by what it has been forced to comprehend. Yet fearful as these groans are in their brute savagery, they serve only to magnify the stature of Oedipus's kingly woe. The subsequent moments when Oedipus appears, self-blinded with the blood trickling down his face, are almost more terrible than audiences can bear. But even these final scenes are redeemed from gruesomeness by their grandeur. The question is one of spiritual scale rather than physical detail.

The William Butler Yeats translation is a vast improvement over the Gilbert Murray version. It is freed from the Swinburnian flourishes and the Albert Memorial fussiness. It is stark, direct; strong and pure of line;

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and full of power. The Old Vic Company rises to the glories of this text as Mr. Olivier rises to his playing of the king. What was routine in the two parts of "Henry IV" in this instance becomes inspired. As a director, Michel Saint-Denis has a fire, a style, and an originality John Burrell did not show. The setting and costumes of John Piper and Marie-Helene Daste are likewise possessed of an imagination hitherto missing. The Chorus of Theban Elders chants its verses so that each syllable is understood. It succeeds in doing this as no other group has done since the English production of "Murder in the Cathedral" was acted in New York. From an excellent company, the Tiresias of Ralph Richardson, the Jocasta of Ena Burrill, and Nicholas Hannen's Chorus Leader stand out.

From curtain rise to curtain fall the Old Vic's "Oedipus" rivets the attention. I have never known an audience to be so silent as during the enactment of this tragedy. All my life I have read about a stillness great enough to be heard. This is precisely what the audience's silence is in the presence of this "Oepidus." That is, until the play is over and the auditorium thunders with cheers and bravos. These bravos are deserved, however, because here is the theatre at its mighty best, and Sophocles in all the glory of his power, building so surely and inextricably that, beside his austere structure, the most dramatic edifice of such a modern contriver as Ibsen seems prefabricated.

Having seen the Old Vic excel in "Oedipus," I am forced to wonder why it chose the particular plays it did for its American visit, and lament that it did not allow us to see Mr. Olivier in "Richard III." Although the Old Vic may have come in like a lamb, it will go out like a lion. I must confess that its "Oedipus" has not only modified my opinion of the company but made me swallow all the disparaging words I was prepared to utter against repertory in general.

What Mr. Olivier will prove to be in the future, I cannot pretend to know. The aisle seat, not the Delphic tripod, is the critic's place. But this I do know: as both Henry V and Oedipus he has shown us what great acting can be, and given us excitements, pleasures, and memories which, as playgoers, we are bound to treasure, since they come so seldom in the most questing lifetime.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Contributors to This Issue

JOSEPH A. BRANDT, guest editor, left a newspaper city editor's desk in 1928 to become the first director of the University of Oklahoma Press. Subsequently he was director of Princeton University Press and of the University of Chicago Press, and served briefly as president of his alma mater, the University of Oklahoma. He is now president of Henry Holt and Company, Inc.

MALCOLM M. WILLEY is vice-president of the University of Minnesota and chairman of the University Press Committee. A professor of sociology before he took over responsibilities in academic administration, he has been named to innumerable research committees and has contributed frequently to the professional journals.

EUGENE DAVIDSON is editor of Yale University Press and is responsible for such notable successes as Thurman Arnold's "Folklore of Capitalism" and Marquis Child's "Sweden: The Middle Way."

DORIS FORCE FLOWERS was associated with the University of Chicago Press as assistant to the director when this issue was planned. She has recently joined Henry Holt and Company as assistant to the president.

SAVOIE LOTTINVILLE, director of the University of Oklahoma Press, probably wouldn't have had any financial handicaps to discuss if he were a commercial publisher and had issued his very successful lists of the last several years.

CHRISTIAN W. DITTUS has been associated with the Johns Hopkins Press since 1894.

SAMUEL T. FARQUHAR, manager of the University of California Press, is also a noted American book designer.

ROLLIN D. HEMENS, associate director of the University of Chicago Press, is president of the Association of American University Presses. He has returned recently from England, where he discussed problems of book distribution with representatives of Oxford and Cambridge, agents for many American university presses in England and elsewhere.

PAUL BIGELOW SEARS, professor of botany at Oberlin College, has been a frequent contributor to professional journals on conservation and ecology—subjects he handled with unusual success for the general reader in such books as "Deserts on the March."

LOUIS MORTON HACKER is author, lecturer, editor, and teacher. He is on the faculty of Columbia University's department of economics, and articles of his are seen frequently in *Harper's, The Nation,* and other magazines.

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PAUL HOFFMAN, president of the Studebaker Corporation, and chairman of the Committee for Economic Development, has taken a real interest in the problems and opportunities of education as a trustee of the University of Chicago and of Kenyon College.

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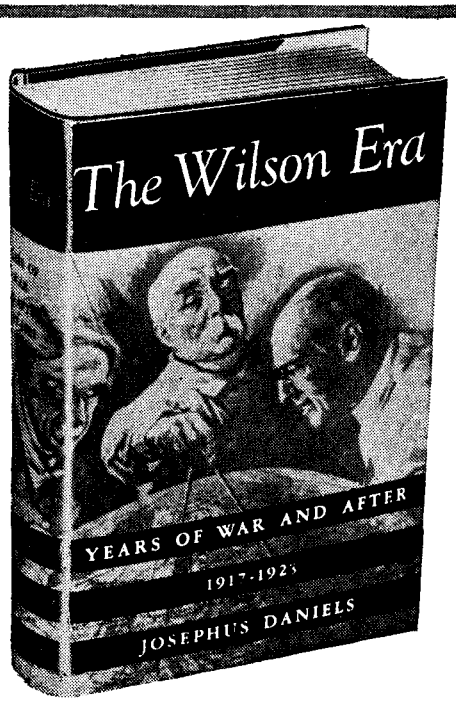

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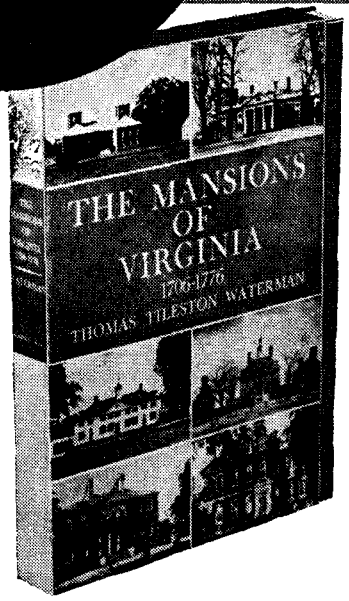

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BELOW is an alphabetic index to five hundred and fifty-seven university press books of the last twelve months. This index will be of practical value to librarians, bibliographers, and book sellers, and will enable all others interested to obtain a quick and easy perspective of the quantity and kind of books which academic publishers issue.

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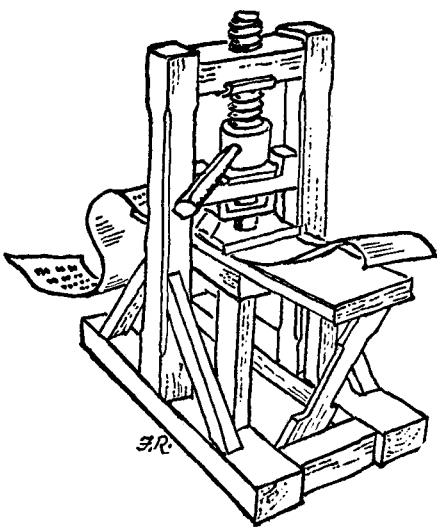

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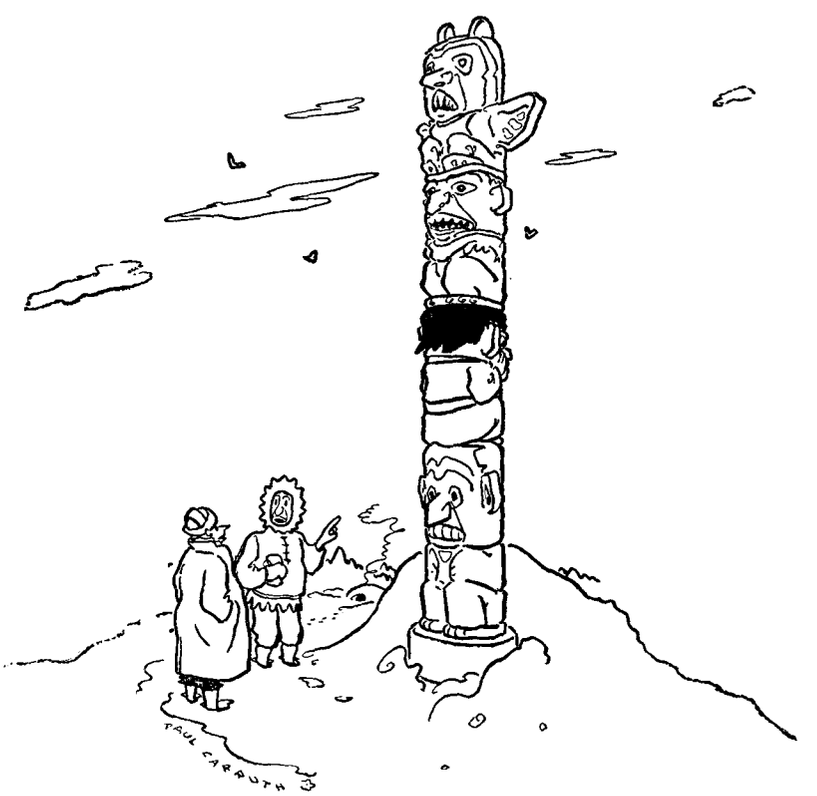

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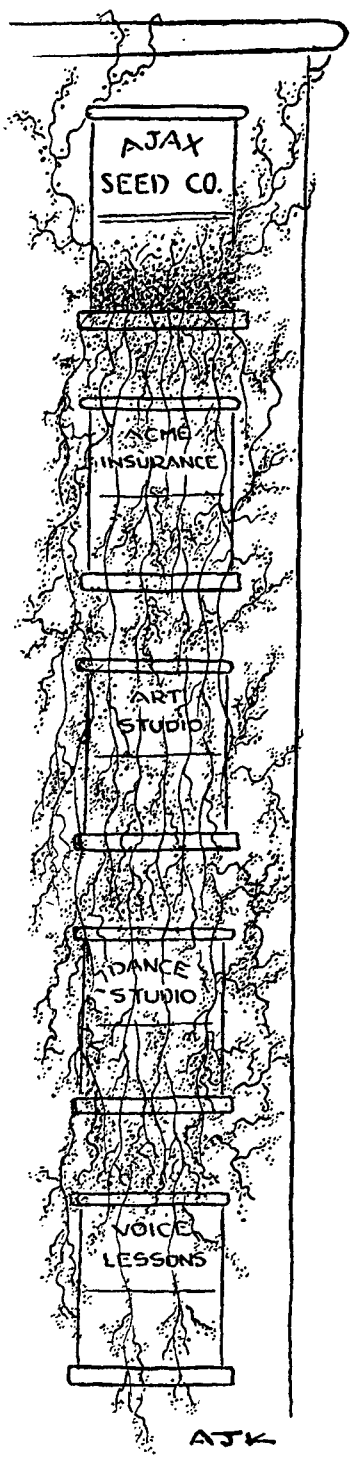

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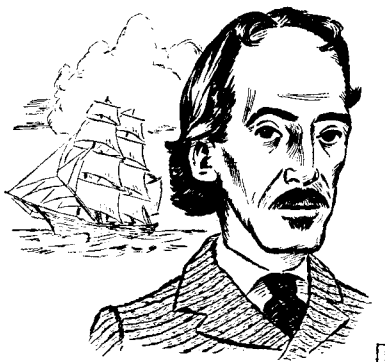

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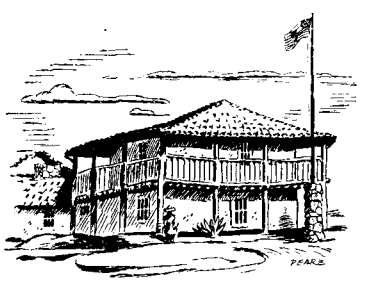

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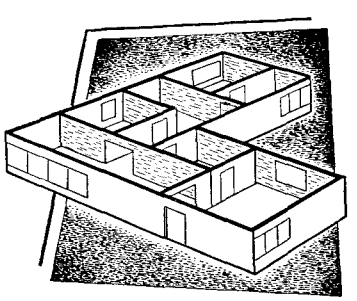

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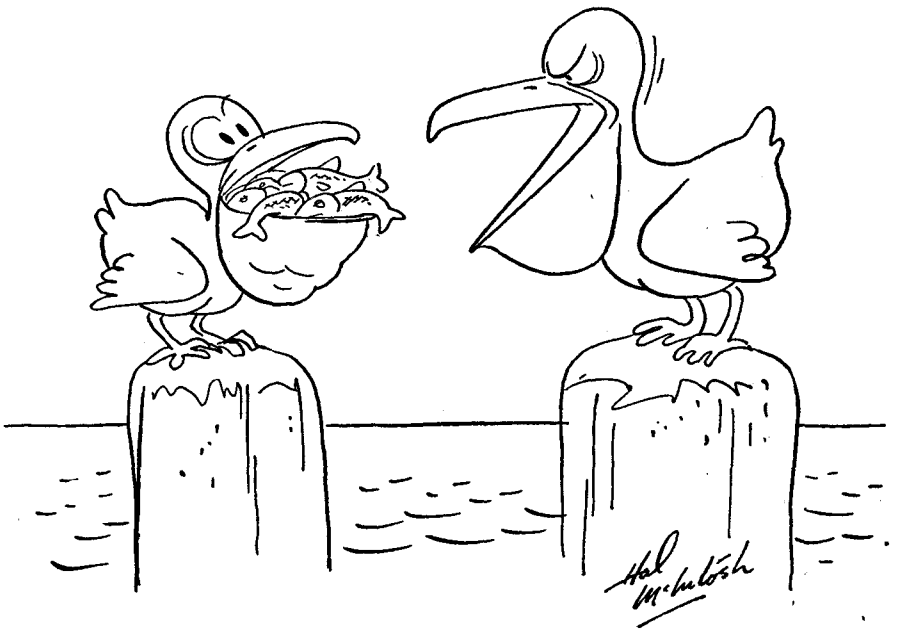

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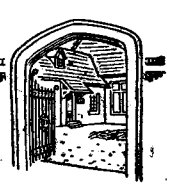

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Sheep Don't Insurrect

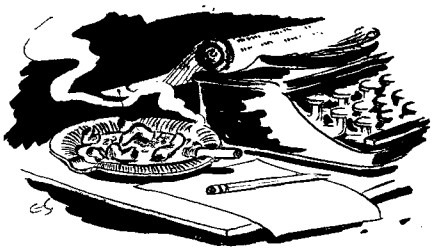
GOVERNMENT AND LABOR IN EARLY AMERICA. By Richard B. Morris. New York: Columbia University Press. 1946. xvi + 557 *pp.* $6.75.

Reviewed by MILTON R. KONVITZ

BASING his study on a painstaking and exhaustive examination of diaries, business accounts, letters, court proceedings, newspapers, pamphlets, vestry books, and similar source materials generally found in courthouse basements, state libraries, historical society archives, and garret trunks, Professor Richard B. Morris, of the College of the City of New York, has written the basic work on the legal status of the laborer in early America. The author is eminent in a field of research and study that has thus far attracted very few workers; namely, American legal history. Perhaps one day, if American law schools will cease neglecting American legal history, this country will produce its own William Holdsworth, who will give us a definitive history of American law and legal institutions. But Holdsworth could not have enriched English institutional history had he not been preceded by Pollock, Maitland, and a host of other scholars in and outside the universities who, like Dr. Morris, had carefully examined the trees which make up the forest of history.

Thomas Lynch contended in the Continental Congress that slaves should not be taxed any more than land, sheep, cattle, or houses, all of which were property. Benjamin Franklin retorted that there is some difference between slaves and sheep: "Sheep will never make any insurrections." Dr. Morris's book does not deal with slavery; but much of it treats of a class of workers whose status was midway between that of slaves and free labor—the servants. Masters had a property interest in their servants: they could be sold or assigned and were part of the master's estate—like the Russian serfs described by Gogol. In respect to the property concept, they were like slaves, and slaves were like sheep. But unlike slaves, they did not resort to the insurrections recently described by Aptheker. Instead, they went to court to redress their grievances; and it is the court records of cases instituted by servants against oppressive masters which enliven many of Dr. Morris's pages.

For the poor devils of servants had many grievances. There is an impressive number of servant suicides on record, especially in the seventeenth century tobacco colonies. The description of their wretched condition can hardly serve as a testimonial to the character of the ancestors of many of the Colonial Dames



and Daughters of the American Revolution.

It should not be concluded, however, that because the laws purported to protect the servants, they always succeeded, even when reasonable minds could not differ as to the facts or the law. Dr. Morris, ,l,ike Jerome Hall in "Theft, Law and Society," shows that the law on the books was not always the law in action. "Mistress Thomas Ward whipped her maidservant on the bare back with a peach tree rod and then put salt in the wounds. When her servant implored her to use her like a Christian, she retorted: 'Do you liken yourself like a Christian?' The girl died shortly thereafter. The jury found that the punishment was not the direct cause of her death, but in view of 'her weak state,' deemed it 'unreasonable and unchristianlike,' and Ward and his wife were fined 300 lbs. of tobacco."

Now and then, however, masters were convicted of the murder of their servants. Masters had the legal right to administer corporal punishment to their servants, but had no right to act oppressively, and servants could complain to the courts if the masters went beyond the bounds of moderation. Courts not infrequently or-

The Cat and the Pheasant

By Louis Kent

A PHEASANT started and flew across
To the other side of the brook from me.
I did not see
The cat over there in the grass.
A root caught at my toe, or a bush
Lashed at my breast,
And I stumbled. Out of its nest
The bird floundered upon the hush
That held the December afternoon.
It was then I saw the cat,
Crouching flat,
Measuring me with eyes of sin,
Taking no chance. But I think it knew
My sort,
That loves a cat and deplores its sport.
Only half rising, it slithered through
The long grass after the stupid bird,
That could not know
I had untangled, years ago,
Another pheasant where it was snared
And had admired the rust and green
Shimmering feathers, the barred tail,
The rounded breast and the frail
Yellow legs trussed in a vine.

The brook was wide to jump, it was cold
And deep to wade.
I couldn't persuade
My hand to dip for a stone. I was chilled.
I did hope that the bird find cover,
But I turned away.
It was late in the day,
There was no need to stand and shiver,
Waiting to see, to find out whether
The cat would make sure of the pheasant.
That's why today it's not so pleasant
To come on a bone and a bloody feather.

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dered cruel employers to give freedom to their servants. Cruelty and oppression toward servants were less typical of New England than of the Middle colonies and the South, and the record of the New York general sessions court with respect to according relief to abused servants was unsurpassed in the American colonies.

But servants in New York, as in other parts of the country, sometimes preferred to run away rather than finish the term of servitude, which averaged from three to five years. It was, however, a Maryland servant who, running away, said that he preferred to live among savages rather than stay and permit his master to starve him and beat out his brains.

Dr. Morris's book throws considerable light on the early law relating to collective action by free workers. Under the Statute of Laborers of 1349 and the Tudor Statute of Artificers, concerted action by workers to raise wages was criminal and seditious. Mercantilists, who advocated low wages as an assurance of favorable competition for industry in foreign markets, found these laws congenial. Workers in England were prosecuted for mutiny, riot, or criminal conspiracy. In the colonies distinctions were drawn between workers in licensed trades, bound servants, and journeymen workers. Licensed coopers acting in concert in New York were prosecuted in 1680 on grounds of criminal combination. There were also prosecutions in the colonies for conspiracies by bound servants to run away from service or to strike against their employers. In 1662 Maryland enacted a law restraining meetings of servants under heavy penalties. But there were strikes and slowdowns by journeymen workers, and New York typographers, carpenters, and masons set up effective trade unions before the end of the eighteenth century. Journeymen workers, unlike servants and the workers in the licensed trades, were generally unmolested if they sought to combine. Employers were equally aggressive and set up trade associations to control the labor market and curtail labor activities, and such associations were not prosecuted in the colonial and post-Revolutionary periods.

But early in the nineteenth century, as labor organizations became more persistent and permanent in character and strikes became more effective, lawyers and judges dusted off their old English law books and began to apply the English conspiracy law to American labor unions and union activities. In the New York Cordwainers' Case, 1809-1810, the defense attorneys bravely argued against the relevance of English precedents

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to American legal problems: "When is it that in search of a rule for our conduct, we shall no longer be bandied from Coke to Croke, from Plowden to the Year Books, from thence to the dome books? . . . How long shall this superstitious idolatry endure?"

The idolatry endured until the passage of the Wagner Labor Relations Act of 1935, which recognizes the right of workers to organize freely and to deal collectively with the employer. While we have gone a long way from colonial precedents, many of the problems in the field of labor relations the courts then faced are still with us. In his concluding chapter the author discusses some of the "persistent problems of labor relations." While the problems persist, the social facts against which they must be considered are totally different. We cannot formulate our policies against the background of colonial Maryland or colonial New York. To do so would be to revert to the superstitious idolatry against which the cordwainer lawyers contended. But history gives life to a people's memory, and memory is one of the things which make individuals into a people.

Experience of Beauty

THE BASIS OF CRITICISM IN THE ARTS. By Stephen Coburn Pepper. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1946. 177 *pp.* $2.50.

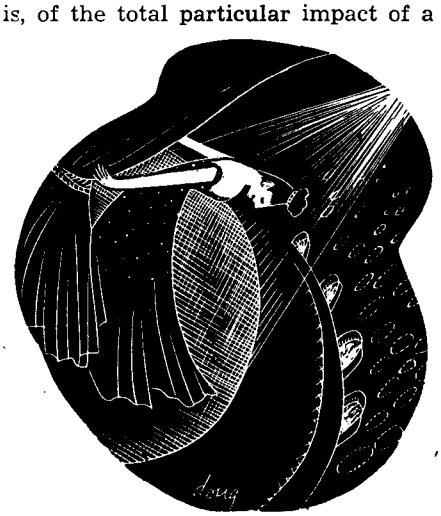
Reviewed by DONALD A. STAUFFER

ALMOST by accident this century has produced a new type of book—a lecture series, written by an authority, addressed to the general public, and usually printed by a university press. Our civilization needs such modulated and advanced texts for adults. Such a book is ordinarily the work of a distinguished thinker—or why should he be asked to speak in foreign halls far from home? Fortunately the ambitious subject chosen or assigned compels him to summarize a life-work, or concentrate on his burning interest. And still more fortunately, since the audience is assumed to be intelligent but not limited to specialists, and since the original presentation is oral, the style tends to be simple and the book short. The endowers of lectureships and the university presses deserve our thanks. The type is easily discernible. By pure luck I have three here in use before me—Lovejoy's "Great Chain of Being," Lindsay's "Essentials of Democracy," and Sherrington's "Man on His Nature." Philosophical or social or scientific, they share the admirable trait of stretching our minds without punishing them.

The subject of this review belongs in this same important category. It is modified from a series of lectures given at Harvard. Professor Pepper of the University of California is enviably endowed to seek for the basis of criticism in the arts, since his philosophic thinking operates with the clean economy of a surgeon, while his knowledge of art is sensitive and direct. He performs the difficult feat of presenting in few pages what he considers to be the four most adequate "World Hypotheses," applying each systematically in the field of esthetics, and illustrating—but never over-illustrating—every argument.

His search in itself has form that should please both esthetician and philosopher. Yet abstract statements, on every page, can be tested against immediate experience, for Professor Pepper is nothing if not empirical—thoroughgoing enough in his empiricism to observe justly and even sympathetically the workings of opposed systematizers.

Since the book wastes no words, its arguments cannot be outlined in a short review, still less its proof or illustrations. Professor Pepper's four "World Hypotheses," which he carries over from an earlier work and applies here to his particular subject, are his own shorthand. "Mechanism" is fueled by pleasure and pain. In art its emphasis is largely upon the recipient, whose hedonistic responses (in this instance only) Professor Pepper makes not so much simple as naïve. "Contextualism" is allied with "operationalism in science, instrumentalism in logic, and a new kind of objective relativism in ethics and social theory." In art criticism, it is keenly aware of the *situation*—that is, of the total particular impact of a work of art upon its recipient. Essentially its approach is dramatic, ironic, complex, aware of conflict. It finds prime esthetic value in vividness, depth, and intensity. The center shifts toward the work of art in "Organism," which considers, or re-creates, the organic unity of the creation itself, and which establishes integration as its value. These three frameworks, with varying emphases, build critical systems on the relation of individual works of art to individual critics. The fourth hypothesis, "Formism," depends more upon the general or the social. In criticism I would translate it into such terms as classicism, academicism, or neo-humanism. Its esthetic value is the norm—conformity with life, literary genres, or cultures.



Professor Pepper's empirical bent rules out dogmatism in any disguise—mysticism, animism, authoritarianism—because he holds that such belief exceeds its corroborative evidence. On the same grounds he holds that utter skepticism is itself a species of dogmatism. Some of his most earnest and strenuous arguments are designed to establish objective validity for the esthetic approaches based on the four world hypotheses he accepts. He wishes to avoid that subjective relativism which reduces the criticism of art to a *de gustibus* which finally is merely disgusting.

Since he is too just and supple-minded to discard any of his four philosophies, his ultimate solution is eclectic: "An experience of beauty is one vivid in quality, highly organized, and a source of immediate enjoyment for a normal mind." The qualitative values and quantitative standards of his four types, each of which is independent and self-consistent, here play together, although his analysis has shown that "we can have both rational clarity in criticism and the reasonableness of wisdom."

I cannot do justice to the discrimination, the balance, the finesse, the economical elegance of this treatise. It is ripe harvest in little room. This grain should develop healthy future crops. In the seasons ahead, American criticism will profit if this book proves seminal.

One minuscule postscript. Generally the university presses avoid the appalling typographical carelessness of our learned journals. Almost against hope, I had come to believe that the Harvard Press had here turned out a book without a misprint. Until I found on page 111 that "emotions get damned up." But if one must descend *au pied de la lettre* to find a fault, surely this book is not to be damned with faint praise.

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Kentucky's Marvels

A DESCRIPTION OF KENTUCKY IN NORTH AMERICA: TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS RESPECTING THE UNITED STATES. Edited by Thomas D. Clark. Lexington: University of Kentucky Press. 1945. 120 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by MARY IRWIN

THIS choice and expensive package, which in 1946 can be said to be a book by, of, and primarily for Kentuckians, was, in its original 1792 form, by an Englishman, primarily for Englishmen, and about a people most of whom had been English before they had become Americans and Kentuckians a rather short time before.

The title page should bear the name of Harry Toulmin (unless, indeed, the casual bookmaking of 1792 omitted the editor's name). Toulmin edited selections from Filson, Morse, Imlay, Thomas Jefferson, and other early writers. Thomas D. Clark now edits Toulmin, and in his introduction gives the interesting personal history of the 1792 editor, who was president of Transylvania University at Lexington for a short period, and later, from 1796 to 1802, secretary of state of Kentucky.

Harry Toulmin came to America from England in 1792, the year Kentucky finally effected a divorce from Virginia and became a state. He was seeking political and religious freedom, and having found it showed the missionary spirit natural to the son of a minister by wanting to lead others to the promised land. His book was frankly for the purpose of encouraging his countrymen to emigrate to America. Although he claimed his aim was not "to captivate but to inform," his general tone will not displease prideful Kentuckians, although he is honest enough to admit that *all* of Kentucky did not have the lush fertility of the section now known as the Bluegrass. Since he was talking primarily to English farmers and small business men, he took great pains to give the yield per acre of crops as compared with the much lower yield of English farms, and he was factual about taxes, costs of living, exports, and all the things that a restless rebel or a dreamer in Somersetshire, Dublin, or Edinburgh might want to know. Incidentally the climate of Kentucky seems to have changed for the worse since 1792.

A newcomer himself, naturally he had to lean upon earlier publications for his information, but while the

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factual data is undoubtedly authentic and the color of the times true, the history of Kentucky as reported by early Kentuckians cannot be accepted without checking. For example, Toulmin's book (quoting Morse, author of "The American Geography," published in 1792) gives 1754 as the date of the entrance of the first white man into Kentucky, and dates the expedition of Dr. Thomas Walker as "about" 1771. Records found after Morse's time show that both French and English had been in Kentucky long before, but there had been no "intentional" discoverer until Dr. Walker's expedition, which was in 1750. Slight discrepancies, however, do not affect the value and the charm of the Toulmin document. You can believe the picture of life in Kentucky in 1792.

This is the third in the series of Kentucky Reprints, edited by Thomas D. Clark, professor of history in the University of Kentucky.

Ten Million Kinds of Bugs

INSECT DIETARY. By Charles T. Brues. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1946. 422 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by JOHN JOSEPH MATHEWS

IN THE introduction to this absorbing book the author states that there are three primary instincts of life—to secure food, to protect life from destructive agents, and to provide for reproduction of a creature's kind. The book has to do with the first—the securing of food in the insect world.

The reader soon finds that the other primary instincts are involved in the relations of the insects with their environment through the medium of food. Moreover, in obeying the food-securing instinct, insects become involved with many other forms of life in the natural balance, which is thrown off and on periodically.

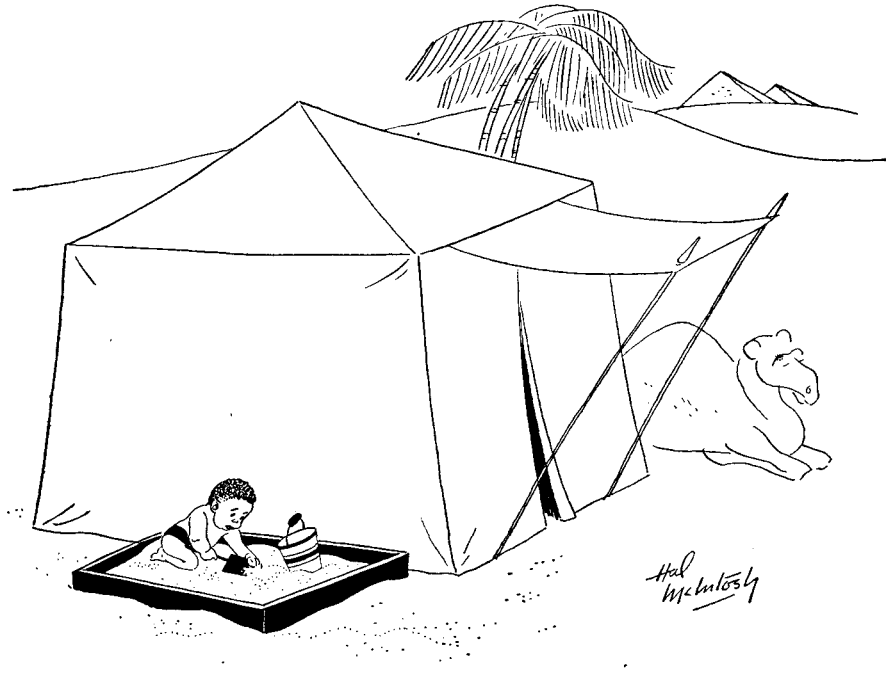
The first chapter is devoted to the abundance and diversity of insects—a group of animals that excel not only in numbers of species and in populations of individuals, but also in diversity of structure and behavior. The struggle among insects has been so intensified by great variety and large numbers that they have been forced to adopt extreme adaptations to avoid extinction.

Mr. Brues sets the figure 10,000,000 for the number of species, which he says can only be a guess. No one would even dare guess the number of individuals. There is no way of counting them, except by guesses made on the amount of damage done by them to man's works, and often much of this damage is done by periodic invasions.

Insects have assumed practically every form that can be imagined even in the wildest dreams of man for the purpose of adjusting themselves to the natural balance in their food-securing activities. The many ways they have adopted for securing food are as fantastic as their diverse forms. There are vegetarian insects, characterized by many species which include about half of the living insects who use every portion of the plant, especially the flowering ones. There are carnivorous insects, which include many of the predatory ones; the insects that feed on dead or decaying animal matter. Lastly there are the parasites who live at the expense of other insects and of other forms of life, both outside and inside of their hosts.

Mr. Brues gives clear and unburdened information to the layman. He refers to dozens of specialists in many phases of insect life, as all scientific writers must do, but he has woven the findings of these scientists into his own special studies to make an intensely interesting story about the relations of insects to their environment. His story is dramatic, at times fantastic. It will seem to the reader that every tool man has devised for his mechanical progress has been used by the insects. Insects are everywhere—in the earth, in the water, in the air, but if man has any fear of their astonishingly adequate adaptability, he can take some comfort in the thought that when they become too hard pressed they may go to the sea instead of forcing their unpleasant adaptations on homo sapiens, or even effecting his extinction. There are no marine adult insects yet, Mr. Brues comfortingly assures us.

Mr. Brues is a careful scientist as well as an able one. But this reader has a feeling that in one seemingly unimportant statement he has fallen into a position that all scientists religiously avoid—he has made a definite conclusion without the benefit of research. In writing of the attractive effect of man-contrived light of varying wave length on insects, and their particular sensitivity to ultraviolet, he says: "Movements toward artificial lights, if they may be called migrations, are essentially abnormal, not natural phenomena." There are indications in the actions and emotions of higher forms of life that all activity is not inspired by the well-known primal laws for survival, such for instance as man's fumbling toward God, his artistic or artificial expressions, and certain physical and vocal expressions of birds and animals. There may be a highly interesting field for research here. Whether man in his present stage of development is prepared to take it up is doubtful. Since man may some day be compelled to go to the insects for the manner of his own reasoned adjustments, he might well go to the lower forms for answers to certain urges that have confused him since the dawn of his reason, and make cold and accurate observations without clouding the subject with his own egoistic dreaming.



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A Gentle Epitaph

A NATURALIST'S SCRAPBOOK. By Thomas Barbour. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1946. 208 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by IVAN K. SANDERSON

THE publication of this book is a touching tribute to a unique personality. Thomas Barbour was a man of many parts who scattered little rays of charm and familiarity over the greater part of the earth. The number of humble folk of all races, tongues, and ages who will literally come to life when you so much as mention his name must be incalculable: it will prompt an outburst of enthusiasm on many a remote Caribbean Island, while in some parts of Haiti he is still remembered as Ti Booki.

This appellation is highly significant. The initials T. B., spoken in English, are very close in sound to the name of the well known Haitian character of fable, *Ti* (from the French *petit* meaning little) *Booki*—so named because he was so vast. In most of the folktales in this endless array, this character, who is ostensibly the dumb one, is at first tricked by the cunning Ti Malice but comes off the better in the long run. Ti Booki is, in fact, a great, friendly man-mountain with the most unaccountable habits. What more natural than that T. B., who was of imposing mien but who chased and pickled lizards, should be likened unto him? Haitian peasants have no understanding of herpetology.

Thomas Barbour was one of the last of the great "Naturalists." His knowledge was encyclopedic and his interests were even wider. Although he will probably be recorded in the roster of science as a herpetologist, his activities were, throughout his life, much more varied and were forever slopping over into the kampongs of his associates.

"A Naturalist's Scrapbook" is the ultimate expression of this irrepressible versatility. The book makes no kind of sense but contrives an illogical coherence. Here are gathered together the odds and ends of T. B.'s multifarious delvings and ponderings. The narrative skips from continent to continent and even the chapters themselves are divided into numerous little apartments each composed of different sized, shaped, and numbered rooms. On one page it is the problem of a stupid museum curator, on another, it is ice-age land connections, and on a third, T. B.'s own family connections.

Nonetheless, the book is fascinating throughout to a naturalist and more especially to anyone who has been in any way connected with a great museum. Whether it will be so to the average reader is more doubtful. The chapters on the museums at Harvard, Boston, and Salem will prove the driest reading to the latter but, at the same time, they place on record historical details that will be of great interest to certain specialists in years to come.

Information of a purely zoölogical nature is also rife, although all the facts may be found in greater detail in other works either from the pen of the author himself or from those of others. Rather is it T. B.'s personality that lends the charm to these accounts, and this because he literally booms out his delight at the beauties, mysteries, and rarities of the natural world.

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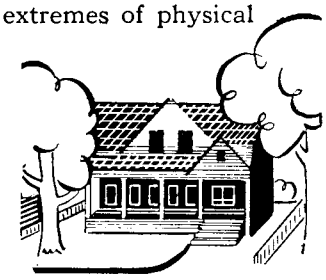

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term nostalgic the chapters on the East Indies of forty years ago and of Taboga Island in Panama, though neither would seem to have changed greatly despite the frightful powers of devastation that men have devised during this period and which they recently loosed upon the island of Halmahera.

Altogether this little volume is very readable, and it will probably prove to be rereadable with the passing of the years. It is the gentle epitaph of a rather great American.

The Common Stock of Ideas

THE HUMANITIES AND THE COMMON MAN. By Norman Foerster. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1946. 60 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by STRINGFELLOW BARR

NORMAN FOERSTER has again struck a blow for a kind of liberal education in our country that would be worthy of a civilized society. His book is brief, cogent, spacious-minded, and eloquent. He recalls American education, and more

particularly the state university, from its piddling, peddling pseudo-utilitarianism and scientificism. He summons every citizen, each as much as he understands, to claim his share of the common stock of ideas which is his by right. In defense of every citizen he calls to the witness stand Plato, Aristotle, Jefferson, Emerson, Lincoln, Newman, Arnold, together with contemporaries like Flexner, Hutchins, Van Doren, Meiklejohn, Greene, Millett.

Like Emerson he finds the great books timeless because "they impress us with the conviction that one nature wrote and the same reads." And because "a man rightly viewed comprehendeth the particular natures of all men." He laments with Edmund Burke "tricking short-cuts and little fallacious facilities." And, like Woodrow Wilson, he knows that the "job-centered student will be immersed in the things that touch his profit and loss, and a man is not free to think inside that territory." He is skeptical of substituting for a liberal education something called "the scientific way of life." He supports this skepticism with the words of J. Arthur Thomson, Robert A. Millikan, Albert Einstein. Rather than convert all areas of knowledge into pseudo-sciences, he would see science itself humanized.

How might a state university turn from its naturalistic assumptions and become a center of humanist studies? This problem Mr. Foerster attempts to solve. In the process he shows keen awareness of the deadening and barbarizing influences now operating on our campuses. He champions a "core curriculum," at least for the first two years of undergraduate education. He takes up the cudgels for the minority in most faculties who know what could be done and are now outnumbered and thwarted. He has a word to say on what a university administration might do about building a real faculty, and what a board of trustees might do about supplying an administration that would want to do such a thing and should know how to go about it. He closes his book by reminding those who plan tomorrow's state universities that "to underestimate the public is a more serious blunder than to overestimate."

Mr. Foerster does not attempt to go into great detail in his plea for restoring liberal education and making it available to our whole people. But he holds a mirror up to the false and confused utilitarianism that has all but wrecked our colleges, and he indicates clearly enough the main lines of a perfectly possible reform. I should not expect the majority of the academic profession to heed him; but many a layman will recognize what he is saying and will be fervently grateful for his faith and courage.

Token

By Marie Gilchrist

HONESTY'S the only gift.
Gems and ores careless sift
Through the fingers.
Nothing lingers
But this little pebble of truth
Picked up in our guileless youth,
Good to hold and good to lift—
Honesty's the only gift.

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Caucuses and Campuses

MICROCOSMOGRAPHIA ACADEMICA, Being a Guide for the Young Academic Politician. By F. M. Cornford. Chicago: Chicago University Press. 1945. 32 pp. Privately Distributed.

Reviewed by JOHN S. DIEKHOFF

PERHAPS to maintain the University of Chicago's monopoly on educational wisdom, the University of Chicago Press has published only 1500 copies of this reprint of a little English book of academic wit. The Press offers the volume as a gift to the faculty and friends of the university, "to celebrate a record year in publishing." Only fifty copies are available for sale to those who are not faculty or friends of the university.

Academics outside Chicago are advised to borrow "Microcosmographia Academica" from Chicagoans who have maintained communications with the outside, for its thirty-two pages and ten chapters have both wit and wisdom in them.

Six months after the publication of his travels, Lemuel Gulliver expressed his amazement that the world, which had read his book, had not grown virtuous. The academic microcosm has not grown virtuous, either, in the quarter of a century that has passed since 1922, when "Microcosmographia Academica" was first published. Inhabitants of the American groves of academe in 1946 do not differ, apparently, from their English counterparts of 1922. Unless there is a cultural lag, we may presume that English academics are unchanged also.

There are five parties in the academic world, now as then:

> A *Conservative Liberal* is a broad-minded man, who thinks that something ought to be done. . . .
> A *Liberal Conservative* is a broad-minded man, who thinks that something ought to be done. . . .
> The men of both these parties are alike in being open to conviction; but so many convictions have already got inside, that it is very difficult to find the openings. They dwell in the Valley of Indecision.
> The *Non-placet* differs in not being open to conviction; he is a man of principle. A principle is a rule of inaction. . . .
> The *Adullamites* are dangerous, because they know what they want; and that is, all the money there is going. . . .
> The *Young Man in a Hurry* is a narrow-minded and ridiculously youthful prig, who is inexperienced enough to imagine that something might be done before very long, and even to suggest definite things.

These parties, except for the Young

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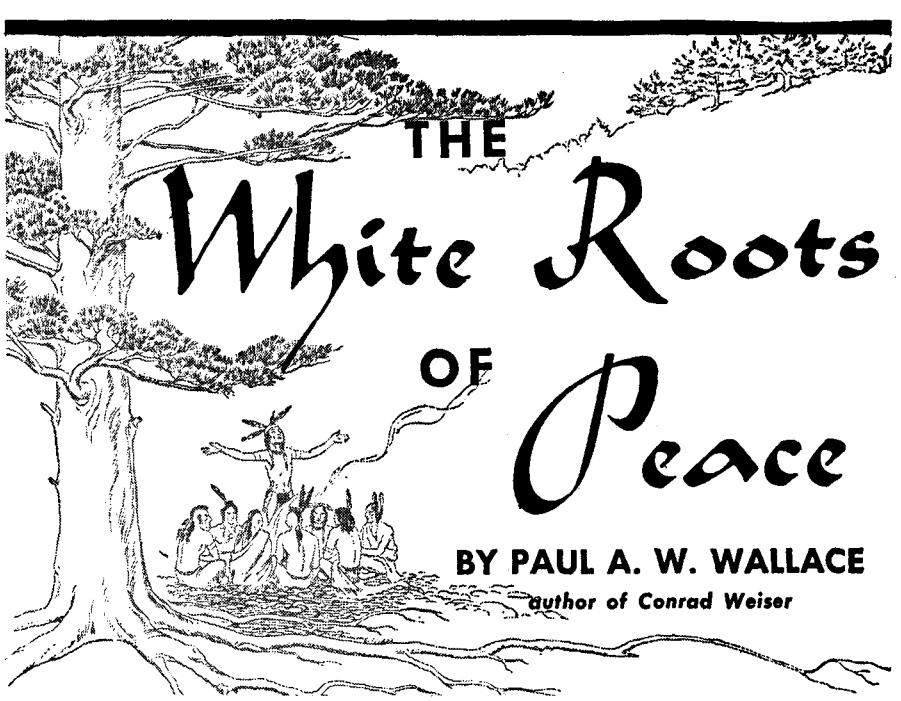

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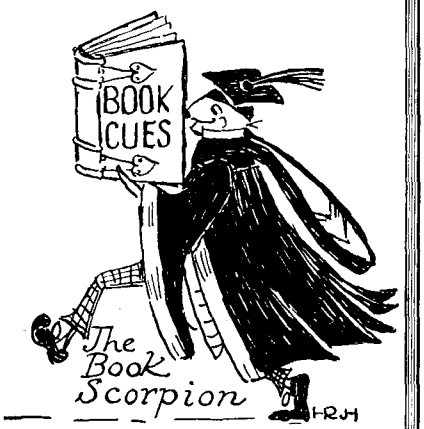

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Men in a Hurry, who are unorganized, have their caucuses or conventions, and Cornford gives the rules of conduct governing them. He tells us the rules for acquiring influence and the principles of college government, of discipline, and of sound learning. There are rules governing academic argument and rules for the conduct of business, in board meetings and by informal trades, called "Squaring." These trades, consummated by skillful politicians who plan accidental meetings and who conduct their business in carefully casual after thoughts, are not unreminiscent of parliamentary procedure in the larger world.

The world of the academic politician is a true microcosm. It reflects the larger world in other things as well as in "Squaring."

> And are you not aware that conviction has never yet been produced by an appeal to reason, which only makes people uncomfortable? If you want to move them, you must address your arguments to prejudice and to the political motive,

which in the academic breast "is *Fear*—genuine, perpetual, heart-felt timorousness."

But the world of parties and caucuses, of obstructionism and Squaring, is not the whole of the university world. "There is another world within this microcosm—a silent, reasonable world," from which the academic politician has departed and to which he is urged to return:

> the silent reasonable world, where the only action is thought, and thought is free from fear. If you go back to it now, keeping just enough bitterness to put a pleasant edge on your conversation, and just enough wordly wisdom to save other people's toes, you will find yourself in the best of all company—the company of clean, humorous intellect; and if you have a spark of imagination and try very hard to remember what it was like to be young, there is no reason why your brains should ever get woolly, or anyone should wish you out of the way."

In republishing "Microcosmographia Academica," the University of Chicago Press has given the lie to the sentence in which Cornford tells us that

> University printing presses exist . . . for the purpose of producing books which no one can read; and they are true to their high calling.

Such a small-scale departure from that high calling can be forgiven in celebration of a record year of other publishing.

Penance

By Jessie Farnham

I FILCHED a fragment from Eternity,
I thought no one will miss one little minute,
And then I learned it was gigantic time,
That over the world there had occurred within it
New birth, new death, new sorrow and new joy,
The million things a minute can destroy,
The million things a minute can give life;
All these I severed with my thieving knife.

And I was frightened and said I would return
The valued minute for I had time to burn;
But it was easier spoken than it was done,
The earth had moved that minute around the sun
And I had broken a link in Eternity's chain,
For I had murdered as surely as if I had slain.

And now for penance there races inside my mind
A giant clock that is always a minute behind,
And everything my heart has wished within it
Always falls short by just one little minute.

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Half the World

POPULATION AND PEACE IN THE PACIFIC. By Warren S. Thompson. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1946. 397 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by HANS W. WEIGERT

THIS book is on mankind or, more accurately, on half of it: on the teeming millions who live in the Pacific region extending from Hawaii to India, China, and Japan. It is difficult to discuss half of the world's population without editorializing. Because the author has accomplished this task and because his book contains more facts and figures than other books contain glittering generalities, it has little chance of becoming a best seller. But it is to be hoped that some of those who are to write best sellers on the subject of "One World or None" will carefully study the facts and conclusions of Professor Thompson's important study.

For much too long a time, we in this country have neglected the ominous message from the figures which indicate population growth and decline and the age composition of nations. Any discussion of power politics or the brotherhood of man should be based on a knowledge of at least the primary facts about man's growth. However, while we are now beginning to realize that demographic developments in the next few decades may determine whether there will be another world war, our main interest has been focused on Europe and its people, partly because we are so often groping in the dark when trying to evaluate the population trends of the more than one billion pre-industrial peoples of Asia. Thompson's book deals with this group, characterized by high and largely uncontrolled birthrates; his study widens into a human geography of the Pacific and Asian realm.

His figures show the imminent dangers which arise from the overcrowding of people in India (which added fifty million to its population during the one decade from 1931 to 1941), Japan, and parts of China. They show at the same time the equally crucial problems which arise from the fact that there are considerable areas, for instance in Australasia, the Netherlands East Indies, and the Indo-Chinese Peninsula, which, if populated by the right kind of settlers, could support a much larger population. Thompson holds that India and China have not large areas of cultivable lands as yet unused; the agricultural situation in the Indo-Chinese

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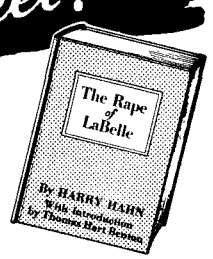

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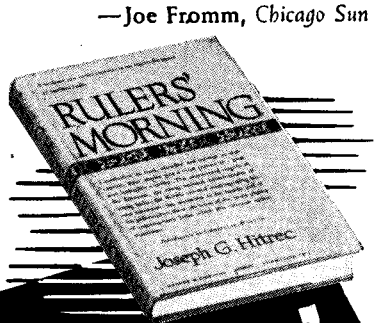

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CHRISTINE WESTON

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HARPER

Peninsula, the Netherlands East Indies, and in the Philippines is more hopeful. On the whole, however, there is not enough land in the Pacific region to feed the two-thousand-million people who can be expected to succeed, in the year 2000, the population now totaling not much more than one thousand million. Industrialization, if and where it will develop, cannot absorb the threatening increase which will take place up to and even beyond the very level of subsistence.

All this leads to the conclusion that the continuation of population growth and pressure in South and East Asia will inevitably lead to another world catastrophe, unless the "swarming" peoples can be directed peacefully into new lands. Thompson makes a strong plea to the western colonial powers to coöperate in time in the task of organizing a better use of certain tropical areas in the Pacific arena. His proposals for an opening up of empty but arable spaces to Asian peasants will not be accepted enthusiastically by Australians and New Zealanders, who much too long have maintained their "white" policy (even protesting vigorously against any non-British immigration from Southern Europe).

I know of no book that argues more cogently the interrelationship of world population trends and the decline of the colonial era. This book, I said, does not editorialize. Its figures and facts are forceful enough to permit its final conclusions, which seem to me both convincing and vital: "The day of western European (and American) domination is past. . . . The balance of numbers and of power is now shifting, and while we are still strong and growing, albeit slowly, is the time to throw our influence on the side of a strong world organization which will deal justly with all peoples. If we try now to secure special privileges and rights of exploitation for ourselves and our friends by reason of our great present power, our children will live to rue this decision."

"I don't remember where I was on the night of May 15, 1945. However, I can tell you where I was on June 18, 1815!"

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Music Is Where You Find It

LISTENING TO MUSIC CREATIVELY. By Edwin J. Stringham. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1946. 479 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by NATHAN BRODER

IT IS customary in some musical circles to sneer at anything that smacks of "music appreciation"; and the present book will doubtless be greeted in those quarters as simply another contribution in support of the "racket." It is true that many sins have been committed in the name of music appreciation, but the musicians who therefore condemn the whole business overlook the fact that, while they are themselves no longer in need of it, beginners will grasp any reliable information they can get.

Professor Stringham presents here the fruit of years of teaching. Each chapter discusses, with a minimum of technical language, a different aspect of music, taking into account parallel phenomena in the other arts. There is usually a general discussion, followed by a more or less detailed description of one or more compositions as heard on phonograph records. To this is appended a list of additional suggestions for listening. The subjects covered range, in what is planned to be an order of increasing complexity, from music and the dance to expressionism and other modern trends. In the course of the exposition there are some slips, but most of the material is carefully and accurately presented in a well-thought-out scheme. That the style is reminiscent of the classroom is hardly surprising; the book in fact seems primarily intended for study groups.

Professor Stringham's enthusiasm for his subject and experience in dealing with it are clearly evident. There is only one major criticism that can be levelled against his book, but that, it seems to me, is a fundamental one. It is a question of approach. Throughout most of the work the emphasis is on romantic and post-romantic music. A few liturgical chants and two movements from Palestrina's "Pope Marcellus" Mass are the only representatives of the vast domain of "pre-Bach" music given as "essential listening"; and contemporary composers are treated at some length principally in connection with the ballet. As a result, *two* works by Dvorak (the "New World" Symphony and the "American" Quartet) are given protracted treatment, while of Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler" we are told hardly more than that "there is little need for detailed and extended analysis," Prokofieff is mentioned chiefly because of "Peter and the Wolf," and Milhaud, Vaughan Williams, Harris, Copland, Piston, Barber, and Schuman are all relegated to the "additional suggestions."

It is certainly true that "practically nine-tenths of the music we hear today was either inspired by [the romantic movement] or came under its influence," and this limitation in the current repertory has been frequently deplored. It is precisely in the classroom or study group—where the whole wealth of recorded music can be drawn upon—that the narrow confines of concert or broadcast programs can be expanded. The author's approach might be understandable if his work were directed toward casual listeners who know very little about serious music and want to learn more about that part of it which they hear on the radio. But college students who are interested enough in music to take a course in appreciation are entitled to be introduced to the riches of sixteenth-century music as well as to the extraordinary creative activity that has been going on for the last decade or more, especially in this country. Surely such students have a livelier curiosity about the art than Professor Stringham gives them credit for, and if they haven't, is it not the teacher's duty to arouse it?

There was another Mary in Abraham Lincoln's life

While the world has heard much of Mary Todd, little has been known until now about the other Mary who figured so importantly in his life—beautiful, cultured Mary Owens of Kentucky – sister of Lincoln's good friend Betsey Abell of New Salem.

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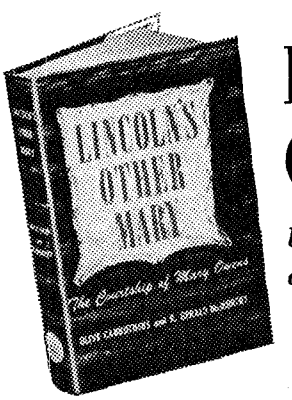
An engrossing and beautifully written book, this narrative by Olive Carruthers is a significant addition to Lincolniana. Charmingly told in the vernacular of the period, it is based on intensive research by R. Gerald McMurtry, noted Lincoln authority, who has included much of his material in an appendix to the book. $2.50



LINCOLN'S OTHER MARY

by OLIVE CARRUTHERS *and* R. GERALD McMURTRY

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Clues from the CRIME CLUB

WHENEVER a murderer picks a second or third victim you begin to see the pattern of his crime. They are all members of a particular sect, or all heirs to the same fortune, or all former lovers of the same girl—but there is some link which motivates the murder—and helps the reader of the whodunit to sleuth ahead of the hero towards the end. But any reader will share with *Dr. Westlake* a sense of bafflement when they see the ghastly array of bodies which follows the quiet little picnic at Skipton. The only pattern seems to be the fact that each death fits a verse of the old ballad which *Lorie Bray* sang that night. Only a maniac would go around killing men and women just because their names or actions seem to fit a verse of a song. That doesn't make a very sound motive for murder, and we all know that JONATHAN STAGGE is too able a writer to stoop to the solution of the madman murderer.

So we agree with *Dr. Westlake* and *Inspector Cobb* that there is a plan to the whole affair. And we anticipate each killing with the powerlessness of these two characters in their dilemma as to who is the villain.

It is a neat story with an absolutely sound solution. There is delight to JOHATHAN STAGGE'S characters, especially *Dawn* who nearly steals the show as she did in **Death, My Darling Daughters,** last year's book by the same author.

The old ballad, which is sung throughout the book, and which seemed to be a blueprint for butchery, was called "Green Grow the Rushes-O"—but *Inspector Cobb* gave it the name the author gives the book—**DEATH'S OLD SWEET SONG.**

The Gunman

Listening

RADIO PROGRAMS GOOD AND BAD

RADIO, like weather and taxes, is everybody's property. It comes to us whether we will it or not, and what with having to be familiar with the latest jokes in order to understand your offspring, and having to base most dinner-table conversation on the attitudes of some commentator or other, it has crept into our life with a determination which can never be underestimated.

And, like the weather and taxes, there is very little that can be done with radio. There are plenty of prophets and critics on the side-lines offering advice and suggestions, but good or bad, radio keeps right on rolling along.

Unlike the weather and the taxes, though, radio has not only a utilitarian side to it. It possesses, also, somewhat of an artistic entity, and this brings the normal, literate, sensitive listener often to this point: "I'll admit that I have to make radio a part of my life, but why do I have to make it a bad part?"

The many critics despise the bad, but none of them seem to be able to make concrete, chapter - verse - line suggestions on how it might be improved.

One would think that the industry would attempt some sort of systematized soul-searching in order to discover just what it is that can be called good, and bad—some long-range self-analysis, not of intentions but of performances, to isolate and crystallize the goodness in the good and the badness in the bad. Unfortunately, except in rare and unintegrated instances, the necessity of such a self-study has never made itself seem urgent to the radio practitioners.

Bearding them with that statement, you will be barraged with heavy documents purporting to be the results of surveys made among listeners. There are several such surveys, being revised constantly, all for the purpose of enabling a station operator to discover whether or not, at a given time, the average listener prefers his station to that of his competitor.

Unhappily, those surveys undertake to answer only one question—to what station are you tuned in now? Or were last night?

The station owner, if he is able to prove to an advertiser that twice as many people had his station tuned in as had his competitor's station, asserts that his, therefore, represents the ideal choice of an advertising medium. And thus the surveys are gotten together. Phone calls are made, personal visits arranged, and elaborate charts and graphs erected showing the disposition, at all hours of the day, of all listening.

These surveys consider, naturally, only the disposition of homes where the radio is going. The figures then handed out to the advertisers and the public indicate what percentage of the available (sets turned on) listeners is listening to a specific station or program.

The danger of following such a survey too closely, or at all, for that matter, presents the same danger as having your small son criticize your auto-driving ability. He enjoys going for a ride so much that he does not analyze the goodness or badness of the driving. Questioning on the basis of sets in use ignores the fundamental problem to be faced: If you are listening, *why* are you listening, and if you are not, *why not?*

Most people turn on their radios the way they open a window upon entering a closed room. It is a matter of habit and custom. And they like company, even if it be disembodied, the way they like fresh air. It gives them a sense of existence.

They do not, though, always listen, any more than they consciously breathe. There is a difference between listening and hearing, and for all the surveys, studies, graphs, and charts, the self-analysts fail to face that crucial question: If your radio is on, are you hearing it or listening to it? The purpose of such studies should not

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be to encourage more people to use their radios, but to increase the enjoyment of those people who do listen.

Shortly before the war, one effort was made to get deeper into the matter. A shrewd individual named Horace Schwerin, in coöperation with Frank Stanton, then director of research at Columbia Broadcasting System and now president of that colossus, developed a device which measured your palpitations as you listened to a radio show. Two connections were made from the listener's wrist to a machine which registered on a chart the emotional ups and downs undergone while hearing a radio program. Lack of interest was recorded by sheer normality on the chart, and sudden excitement made the resultant chart spit little mountains on the graph. An interesting thing about this device was that it could be simultaneously attached to a number of people, giving a composite picture of the likes and dislikes of an audience made up of a cross-section of an average public.

Again, there was one great flaw in that reasoning, although it progressed self-analysis another step. When a high point was registered on the chart at a certain instant, the investigators could never be certain whether the emotional response represented approbation or indignation. Gorge-raising and heart-soaring come out the same on such a device. They still do not grapple with the thing of most importance, that some radio is good and some bad, and how can we make the good permanent and the bad become good.

It is possibly because of the complexity of the system. There are programs on the air which everybody knows are bad. Why do they continue? Bad writing, inept acting, illiterate handling of a matter of great interest, or just sheer pedestrianism. We do not speak of goodness and badness in moral terms, but only as we would if a book, claiming our attention because of the name of the author or the nobility of the subject, should turn out to be misspelled, poorly produced, and scatter-brained in its conception.

Why? There are a thousand rationalizations. "I know this program, for which I am responsible, is bad. But people seem to like it." "This may be bad, but I've heard worse." "Bad? The audience in the studio loved it." Etc., etc., etc.

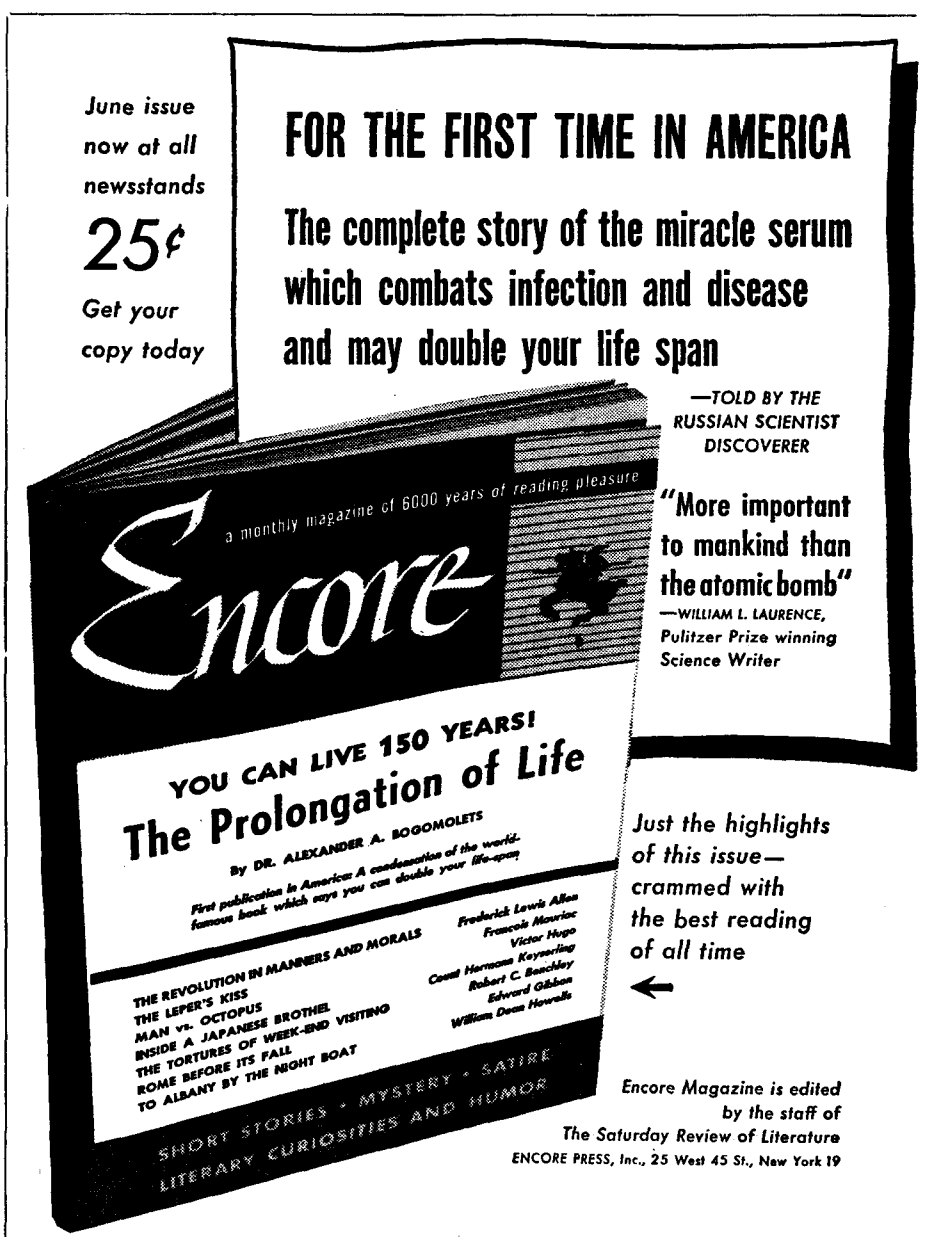
People look and hear, but they do not necessarily watch and listen. The poorness of one show should not justify more poorness. When a radio proprietor feels those occasional twinges of awareness of cheapness, then is the time to make sudden, if small, revisions. It is no time to wait and see if the charts show any trends toward disgust. They won't. Again, like the weather, everybody talks about it, but nobody does anything about it.

However, you can. You can stop merely hearing your radio, and listen to it. And on the basis of how you feel when you listen, make suggestions. The mail from listeners is very heavy in the radio stations, but a letter bearing a concrete suggestion is a rare thing. Especially a letter which is legible and not written with a charred stick on a piece of wrapping paper. Who knows? Once the awareness of you, out here, is felt up there in the carpeted vice-president's corridor, something may happen, if nothing more than a slow elaphantine glancing up at the world outside. Even that will be a concession on the part of radio to the times in which we live.

ALBERT N. WILLIAMS.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Jean Valjean, in "Les Miserables," by Victor Hugo.
2. Portia and Bassanio, in "The Merchant of Vencie," by Shakespeare.
3. Della and Jim Young, in "The Gift of the Magi," by O. Henry.
4. Sheridan Whiteside, in "The Man Who Came to Dinner," by Kaufman and Hart.
5. Artaban, in "The Story of the Other Wise Man," by Henry Van Dyke.
6. Sweets Ramirez, in "Tortilla Flat," by John Steinbeck.
7. "Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain.
8. Tommy Luck, in "Luck of Roaring Camp," by Bret Harte.
9. Francie Nolan, in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," by Betty Smith.
10. Becky Sharp, in "Vanity Fair," by William M. Thackeray.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THE TORTURES OF WEEK-END VISITING
ROME BEFORE ITS FALL
TO ALBANY BY THE NIGHT BOAT
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STRAUSS POLKAS Boston Pops Orch. Fiedler. Victor M 1049 (3 10") $3.	Considerable reverberation gives authentic effect of large dance-hall. Brilliant, heavily recorded.	A	Music by the waltz Strausses, father & sons (Johann, Johann Jr., Josef, Eduard) in two-four time. A novelty if only in rhythm. Definitely Viennese.
SMETANA, DER KUSS: Cradle Song; & DVORAK, SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME. Novotna; Victor Orch. Weissmann. Victor 11-9153 $1.	Fine realism in orchestra. Voice well balanced; not too close. Tone is lively; not a studio-type recording.	A—	Two characteristic Bohemian melodies, the Dvorak possibly the less interesting, if better known. The Smetana song is one of the world's great short melodies. Why can't we hear more Smetana opera?
AMERICA'S FAVORITE SONGS (Down in the Valley, Casey Jones, Buffalo Gals, etc). Glazer, Hawes, Seeger, Bess Lomax. DISC 607 (3 10") $3.15	Asch gets consistently good ensemble pickup; balance here is excellent, both voices and instruments are natural.	B+	Picnic-type around-the-campfire songs, apotheosized. Folk-song style banjo, guitar accompaniment. Not very inspiring examples of the best the U. S. has to offer.

MAIL BAG

A TRICKLE of letters has been coming into this department since its inception in January, some vituperative, some flattering, and a good many asking for information on assorted recordings of this and that. It seems a good time to quote a few of the more interesting.

In the category of bewildering requests was this, from Mary Kamberos, of Chicago: "Last year I heard a recording of 'Anna Livia Plurabelle' by the author of 'Finnegans Wake,' James Joyce. I would like to have that record so I may use it in a lecture on English literature and contemporary masterpieces, but have been unsuccessful in my attempt to find it."

I inquired at New York University (Recordings Division, N. Y. U. Film Library), which has about the best collection of recorded English there is, and was finally rewarded with the information that the Gramophone Shop, 18 W. 48th St., New York City, sells the desired record, by the London Orthological Society, for the fabulous price of $11. Help yourself!

I've had a great many requests for the album of plastic records called "Historical Recordings," with speeches by Roosevelt (1941, 1945), Churchill, Eisenhower, Montgomery, *et al.*, which was reviewed in the March 9 *SRL*. It is still available at Steinway's (109 West 57th St., New York) and the price is about $12. Evidently this particular album was not given national distribution.

Some weeks ago I reviewed the Grand Canyon Suite of Grofe as played by Toscanini and the NBC (Victor M 1038) and mentioned the suppression in that recording of the jazz instruments. Emilie St. Cyr of San Diego writes in a fine Western reaction to my mild question as to whether Grofe should be so "classicized": "Since you have been foolish enough to compare a Toscanini recording with that of a Kostelanetz . . . why not mention the recording . . . made by Paul Whiteman and his concert Orchestra? Mr. Whiteman does his with a great deal more spark than schmaltzy-waltzy Kostelanetz. And as for Toscanini, phooey to Mr. T. and his allergy to jazz instruments. We like Grofe just the way we first found him . . . unrefined, youthful, expansive, Western . . . well . . . if you insist, unclassical. Some people know how to appreciate their hamburgers with onions, their beer with pretzels. Take away the saxophone, the trumpet, and you take away the onions - and - pretzels of Grofe's Grand Canyon music. No! No! A thousand times no! Grofe should not be classicized!"

Though I appreciate her sentiments, I'm sorry not to agree with Miss St. Cyr as to the onions and pretzels. Not that I don't think the jazz instruments should be there. But the music itself is hardly the beer-and-pretzels type. To my ear

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at least, Grofe is a wishy-washy (and schmaltzy-waltzy) imitation of a number of well known European composers of the most classical type, and for the life of me I can't see how such stuff can be or ever was called "symphonic jazz," even with a saxophone. Gershwin is another matter altogether.

Finally, I'll take a deep breath and give you a note on the subject of Toscanini and contemporary music from Marguerite Bartholomew, music critic of the Atlanta *Constitution:* "A friend recently sent me a page from an April issue (of the *SRL*). Under appraisal of new recordings there appeared an incredible attack on Arturo Toscanini by a certain Edward Tatnall Canby. Who is this brash young cynic 'who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing'? Even youth and immaturity cannot serve as apology for such a piece of bumptious impertinence. What mortal under God's footstool, we would ask Mr. Canby, is perfect and infallible? What artist, young, middle aged, or elderly, is always at his supreme best?

"And having heard practically every great conductor from Nikisch on, since our student days in Leipzig, including the years 1923-44 in New York City, we feel in some degree qualified to maintain that, when it comes to a batting average, to say nothing of the unique qualities of his individual genius, Maestro Toscanini still leads his contemporaries. A batonist who can conduct such performances of Franck's D minor Symphony, or of Brahms's Third and Fourth, of 'La Boheme,' as we heard this season, be he as old as Methuselah, is still in his musical prime, and we fervently pray that the Fates may long preserve the Maestro in the miraculous plenitude of his powers. We salute his promoters; the world of music is their debtor. One point we concede: the Maestro has often proved baffling as a program builder. As to modern music, let others have their little day. Most of it is doomed to innocuous desuetude. So what? May E. T. Canby live and learn."

May I refer any readers who would like to know what I actually said to the *SRL* issues of April 6 and 27 of this year, where I discussed Toscanini's recent *recordings.* May I suggest that the attitude of music critics as expressed in the last paragraph above is one of the biggest deterrents to progress in the music of today. It is enough to make any really self-respecting musician wince.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

Solstice

By Roberta M. Grahame

NOW love is still and winter-clear
As snow on the milkweed pod,
Or the wild aster's winter shadow,
Or perished goldenrod
In the snow of the new year.

It has the clarity
Of the silver birch in frost,
Or the dark lace of the hemlock tree,
No cone or needle lost,
Or willow branches in the meadow.

Love is the print on the snow
Of a blowing leaf.
The sparrow's light dance in the cold,
The squirrel's deeper track—
All ardent life through snow.
The frozen ridge, pain-sharp and black,
Across a field of white;
It is new crystals in last spring's cocoon,
The shadowy corn that stands
Unbroken, beautiful;
The snowcloud's platinum fold,
Where gray winds go.

It is as clear as the mark of grief.
It has the grace of thin snow strands,
Milkweed silk on an ice-dark stream,
Tracing in soundless music the arc of a gull.

It is the breaking sunshine of afternoon,
Warming the snow with amber and ancient gold,
Lost and bright;
And the midwinter heart half turning to a dream
Of April light.

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the Phoenix Nest

THE GODS THOUGHT OTHERWISE

THEY did not hang poor Ezra Pound,
Though some still wonder why.
And I am glad that the doctors had
The wit to put it by.
But it never will be clear to me
Why a senator no whit brainier
Can sabotage democracy,
In a fit of megalomania,
And still be permitted to make half-witted
Remarks on a notable scale,
Without being grist for an alienist
In delectable Bloomingdale.
That Southern type with the one-way brain
Is certainly as mad.
Is the Midwest's fancy wholly sane?
The answer is no! my lad.
Walpole wrote of "The Age of Abortions,"
But we can put on display
"Paranoiac states of psychotic proportions"
And win in a walk-away.
If justice in the law were found,
Then the whole shooting match
Would sit beside poor Ezra Pound,
Safe in the booby hatch.

LEONARD BACON.

* * *

Having asked people to rhyme "erysipelas" I have had, "as we go to press," four rejoinders:

NUTS! ANYTHING'S EASY IN SPRING

"When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain . . ."
(*In tongueless vigil, where the ripple was,*
Lay Swinburne, courting erysipelas).

EARLE WALBRIDGE.

'Tis for this former west-of-Mississippi lass
No trick to find a rhyme for erysipelas.

MARGARET MALCOLMSON.

Double Rhyme

May no unkind Fate cripple us
With scourge of eczema or erysipelas.

Triple Rhyme

Here lies buried Terry Sipp, a lass
Who died, aged twelve, of erysipelas.

In Vino Erysipelas

Too frequent a heady, merry sip, alas,
Brought on a rash resembling erysipelas!

GRETNA GREEN.

Many a nose has blushed
with erysipelas,
Many an eye has gushed
from peeling tzipelas.*
(*Yiddish for onions)

DAVID SARNOFF.

* * *

And in my role of Autolycus, I picked up for fifteen cents the other day, Volume II of "Autobiographical Notes on the Life of William Bell Scott, And Notices of his Artistic and Poetic Circle of Friends 1830 to 1882" (edited by W. Minto), illustrated by etchings by himself and reproductions of sketches by himself and friends. (Anybody got Vol. I?) The frontispiece is a fine etching of Scott by himself, but the gem is his one of Swinburne (the poet to whom Mr. Walbridge refers above). Not by any stretch of the imagination could it be called flattering. I had heard that Swinburne objected rather violently to what Scott said about him in this memoir, though Swinburne wrote a tribute to him in the *Athenaeum*, and dedicated to him his third series of "Poems and Ballads." Well, here it all is, and chiefly of meeting first at "ever-dear Wallington" (where Scott was executing a commission of eight pictures), a young friend of Lady Trevelyan, the grandson of a neighboring baronet, Sir John Swinburne. I find Scott's first sight of Swinburne (then about eighteen) worth sharing with you:

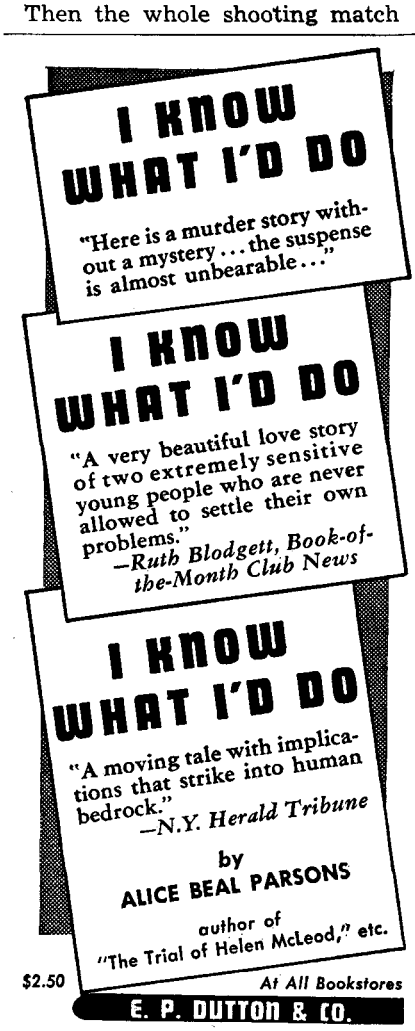
> I began to recognize a little fellow who used to pass my postchaise on the road descending from Cambo to Wallington. He was always riding a little long-tailed pony at a good pace towards the village. He had the appearance of a boy but for a certain mature expression on his handsome high-bred face, which had bright, coarse yellow hair flowing on his shoulders and flashing out round his head. On his saddle was strapped a bundle of books like those of a schoolboy.

Swinburne was riding from his grandfather's, at Capheaton, "to read with the incumbent at Cambo."

> Swinburne must have been at this time about eighteen, but from his small figure and from his boyish style of manners, though he had been at a public school for several years and was now about to enter Balliol, he gave the impression, as said before, of greater youth.

Scott speaks of a prize for French that Swinburne had won.

> This was, I think, the only success he made at school or college, which none of his intimate friends could fathom, as he was able to acquire without trouble, and had a memory enabling him to recite long poems by once reading. When he began to write poetry, which he was always fond of reciting, he never needed to carry his manuscript about with him!
>
> A few days after my first meeting with him he appeared with the prize-book, entering the saloon, where we were all at work, hopping on one foot, his favorite expression of extreme delight. It was a large edition of "Notre Dame de Paris" gorgeously bound, with illustrations by Tony Johannot; but the exuberance of his delight was so comical that even Lady Trevelyan could not resist a smile, and Miss Capel Lofft, a very nervous person, begged him to sit down quietly and show her the prints. For my part, not yet recognizing in this unique youth the greatest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rhythmical genius of English poetry, I looked on with wonder as at a spoilt child. The whole forenoon that book was never out of his sight. If it lay on the table his eyes were always wandering to it. The fascination of first love was nothing to this fascination; and when we all adjourned for an interval to the garden, there it was tightly held under his arm, while he ran on before backwards and ran back to us again, and the sharpest of eyes were fixed on him with their amused but maternal expression. [The eyes of Lady Trevelyan, who was taking motherly care of him.—W. R. B.]

Scott thinks that this prize-book made Victor Hugo, Swinburne's hero or life, but deplores his "Gallomania" and makes the extraordinary statement that French is the tongue most unfortunate for poetry." I cannot but make two more quotations:

> In 1860, when his first drama was published, I painted a small portrait of him in oil. He used to come in and live with us at Newcastle, and when I was out or engaged he was to be seen lying before the fire with a mass of books surrounding him like the ruins of a fortification, all of which he had read, and could quote or criticize correctly and acutely many years after. This portrait used to arrest him long afterwards, when he visited me, as if it was new to him. He was delighted to find it had some resemblance to what he called his portrait in the National Gallery. This was the head of Galeazzo Malatesta in the picture of the Battle of Sant' Egidio by Uccello, which certainly was not merely the same type, but was at this time exceedingly like him. . . . His pockets were always crammed with papers; still he recited quires of manuscripts without consulting them.

His account of Swinburne having a tooth pulled, "a mighty grinder," and how well he stood pain; of his "amazing physical powers" and how his grandfather had ruptured his own Achilles tendon, and yet in a few weeks was quite well again, testify to the strength of the stock. Finally there is this glimpse of A. C. S. on a Tynemouth holiday:

> So we had him to walk with us by the much-resounding sea, when he declaimed the "Hymn to Prosperpine" and "Laus Veneris," two of the most lovely, perfect, and passionate among the triumphs of his best period of poetic performance, never to be forgotten when recited in his strange intonation, which truly represented the white heat of the enthusiasm that had produced them. The sea, too, was in sympathy, the breaking waves running the whole length of the long level sands towards Cullercoats, and sounding like far-off acclamations.

* * *

Kenneth McKenzie, professor emeritus in Princeton University, writes me concerning the *Nest* of April 27th:

> Your note on Thomas William Parsons interests me greatly; but I regret that you quoted the unappreciative opinion of Van Wyck Brooks, that his poetry was "quite devoid of magic." For some critics exactly the opposite is true. Thus E. C. Stedman says that "On a bust of Dante" is "the peer of any modern lyric in our tongue." A poem which to me is full of magic, "Paradisi Gloria," is called by Richard Hovey "one of the few faultless lyrics in the language"; I wish you would reprint it in your column in the *SRL*, since it is too fine to be allowed to remain in obscurity. In a letter written in 1855, C. E. Norton said of Parsons that "he is a dentist (whence he learned the use of the file, and of compression, and various of the secrets of poetry)." About the same time Rufus W. Griswold wrote that his poems "have the careful finish to which poets endeavored to attain when it was deemed of importance not only that poetry should have meaning, but that both its writers and its readers should understand it." When you say that Parsons was "the first translator of any of Dante's 'Divine Comedy'," you doubtless mean the first American translator; but

even this is not quite accurate, for before him Longfellow had translated several passages. More than one translation of the entire "Divine Comedy" had appeared in England, and that of H. F. Cary had been reprinted in Philadelphia some twenty years before 1843, the year in which Parsons published in Boston "The First Ten Cantos of the Inferno of Dante Alighieri: Newly Translated into English verse." This was in fact the first American translation of any considerable portion of Dante's poem. In 1867, the year in which Longfellow published his translation of the whole poem, Parsons published the entire "Inferno." Afterwards he issued a large part of "Purgatorio" and fragments of "Paradiso," but he never completed his version. Being in rhymed quatrains, Parsons's version is less literal than those of Cary and Longfellow, in blank verse; but it is still highly esteemed for its admirable style. An interesting selection of "Letters of T. W. Parsons," edited by Zoltán Haraszti, has been published by the Boston Public Library.

* * *

. . . And so
"La vie est vaine:
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de haine . . .
Et puis—Bonjour!"

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientele; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to exchange of correspondence. Rates: 15 cents per word. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions follow—26 insertions, 10c a word; 13 insertions, 12c a word; 6 insertions, 14c a word. Payment in full must be received fifteen days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

NORTHERN PINES, Port Kent, N. Y. 1200 acres or unsurpassed vacation facilities on Lake Champlain with Private Golf Course, Private Beach, Tennis Courts and all summer sports. Excellent accommodations; Modern Cocktail Lounge; Superb Cuisine, by outstanding French Chef. Pre-season rates now. N. Y. office Room 2006, 1501 Broadway, CH 4-6921.

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YOUNG MAN, VETERAN, myriad interests, welcomes female correspondence. Box 120-Q.

PRE-MEDICAL STUDENT, veteran, seeks employment this summer involving Northeastern States, New York City, or travel. Pennsylvanian. Any suggestions? Box 121-Q.

YOUNG WRITER, male, Zionist, wishes correspondence with young miss having creative writing abilities. Box 122-Q.

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PROFESSIONAL MAN would correspond with unconventional lady, for mutual entertainment. Box 124-Q.

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(Continued on page 80)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 79)

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COLLEGE SENIOR desires summer position. Travel if possible. Interested writing, music, arts, people. Box 138-Q.

FORMER TEACHER, fifteen years English, journalism, stencil cutting experience, wants work at home. Box 139-Q.

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Effective July 1st, rates for advertising in the Personals and Classified columns of SRL will be 20¢ per word—count two additional words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—in either department—are as follows: 26 insertions, 14¢ a word; 13 insertions, 17¢ a word; 6 insertions, 19¢ a word. Present contracts will be fulfilled at the old rates.

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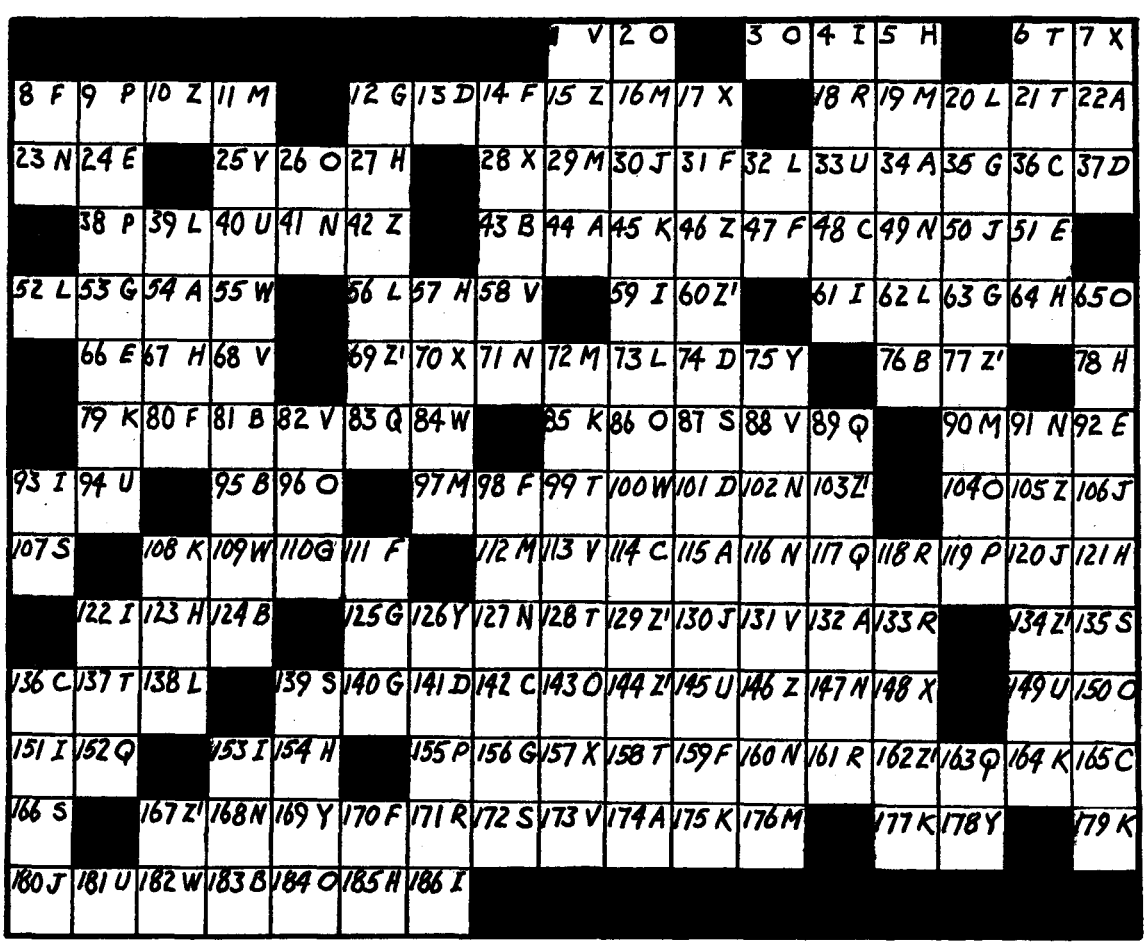
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 637

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To refuse to take the bid away from an adversary (Bridge; 2 wds.)	34 54 22 115 44 174 132
B. Fanciful toeless animal (Edward Lear).	43 76 95 81 183 124
C. Defeated leader, Châlons-sur-Marne, 451.	136 36 48 114 165 142
D. Full of flavor, as wines.	141 13 101 74 37
E. Abstract subject of famous ode by Wordsworth.	51 92 66 24
F. To brighten or freshen up anew.	170 31 159 80 98 14 47 8 111
G. President of the French Republic (1913-20).	12 63 35 156 110 140 53 125
H. One of small consequence.	57 123 5 27 185 121 67 78 154 64
I. English playwright and Shakespearean critic; hero of Pope's "Dunciad" (1688-1744).	122 4 186 59 61 153 93 151
J. First name of author of "A Message to Garcia" (1899).	50 130 30 120 180 106
K. A beam going across a building.	164 45 177 85 79 175 108 179
L. To remove with a device of bristles (2 wds.)	20 32 56 73 39 62 52 138
M. Beginning to be, or to show itself.	29 11 90 16 112 19 72 176 97

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Magical; marvellous.	147 102 127 23 91 168 160 71 49 116 41
O. Close-fitting, clinging dress in princesse style opening on the side (2 wds.)	65 26 96 150 3 86 143 184 104 2
P. Minute branch of a nerve or artery (Anat.)	9 38 155 119
Q. First name, Ethiopian ruler.	89 163 83 117 152
R. Taken by preference among two or more.	171 18 118 161 133
S. Tenth satellite of Saturn (1905).	135 107 166 139 87 172
T. A curt rejection of solicitation.	21 128 6 99 137 158
U. Member of dynasty of caliphs, 661-750.	181 145 149 40 33 94
V. Favorite of Queen Elizabeth (1532?-88).	82 68 1 88 58 173 25 131 113
W. Pikes, esp. when full-grown.	182 109 84 55 100
X. Large American spotted cat.	7 17 157 28 70 148
Y. Place southwest of the Acropolis for regular meeting of voters (Antiq.)	169 178 75 126
Z. God or gods (Hebrew).	146 15 10 42 105 46
Z'. Manufacturing city, Yorkshire, Eng.	134 69 144 77 60 167 162 129 103



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. *The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed* WORDS. *There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

When the column headed WORDS *is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).*

Solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 21 of this issue.

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